Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 200. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31ST, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

IN HONOURED MEMORY.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Three gent.'s white shirts, size 15½, 4-fold, cost 6s. 6d. each, brand new; bargain 8s. the lot.—Box 9255, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London E.C.

Fashionable grey summer overcoat, part lined silk, chest 38in., by Nichols, sacrifice 30s.—Box 9275, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Keeper's velveteen coat and vest, in splendid condition, fit man up to 6ft, 25s., not half cost.—Box 9277, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For particulars of the new "Modern Man" badge, see page 1304.

Wanted rainproof coat to fit man 5ft. 8in.—Box 9314, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, secondhand Burberry or other weatherproof coat, height 5ft. 8in., chest 40in.—Box 9305, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, dark suit, also dark trousers, height 5ft. 8in., chest 40in. inside sleeve 18in., waist 39in., inside leg 30in. (Hants.).—Box 9306, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted at once, Eton suit, good, 25in. waist, 27in. inside leg, 15in. inside arm, 29in. chest; approval, cash; (Sussex).—Box 9307, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 1 or 2 double brested blue serge suits, chest 37in., arm 19in., inside leg 31in. (London).—Box 9309, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, overcoat, chest 40in., suits, boots, eights, boy 8 overcoat; cash, exchange. (Kent).—Box 9308, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

"WAVCURL" PROMOTES CURLY HAIR.

How much a head of CURLY HAIR improves your appearance. "WAVCURL" imparts beautiful permanent curls. One bottle sufficient, however listless your hair is. For either LADIES OR GENTLEMEN. Wonderful results are obtained by using this preparation. It is what you have been looking for for years. Price 2/9 per bottle net, post free. For a time, however, we are selling our special offer. Send 1/1 only. THE NEW WAVCURL CO., (Dept. 17), Barwick Street, SCARBOROUGH.

MEDICAL, &c.

Artificial Teeth Bought. Will liberally advance on other firms' offers, or remit per return. Old gold, silver, etc., purchased for cash. 25 years on Bazaar Reference Book.—Hurcomb, 8, Cullum Street, London, E.C.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Modern Physician, the complete home doctor, new edition, handsomely bound, well illustrated, by Dr. Andrew Wilson, 5 vols., cost 36s.; what offers?—Box 9300, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Billiard table, half-size, slate bed, all accessories, including cue, stand, will accept £3 10s.—Box 9284, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Genuine Royal Enfield light roadster, 24in., nearly new, guaranteed perfect, £4 cash; offers part exchange invited.—Box 9286, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bargain, high-class gentleman's 3 speed cycle, equal new, Warwick tyres, latest, rim brakes, perfect machine; everything up to date; what offers.—Box 9289, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gun, .22 bore, safety bolt, extractor, by Winchester Repeating Co.—Box 9293, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's 24in. Chater Lea frame, 28 by 1⅜, Roman rims and spokes, Eadie coaster, Dunlop and Palmer Special, Renold, Crabbe front brake, fine condition, £4.—Box 9287, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1300.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advt., page 1298.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1298.

MISCELLANEOUS.

190 odd "Modern Man's." What offers? Apply 21, Colver Road, Sheffield.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 49

English concertina, semi-baritone, 48 keys, 5 fold bellows, very fine tone, by Keith Prowse, in case, £2 2s. 6d.—Box 9294, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Kodak for sale, Eastman's No. 2 Bull's-eye, special daylight loading films, 3¼in. by 3¼in., cost 3gs., accept £1 1s. cash.—Box 9282, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Several gold nib and stylo pens; exchange for camera.—Box 9302, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, visible typewriter, must be perfect; exchange lady back tandem, or gentleman's all black Rover bicycle.—Box 9303, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good hand camera, folding, to take plates and films; also enlarger, artificial light.—Write Box 9304, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Century Dictionary, by the Times, 8 or 16 vols., binding and price.—Box 9311, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Children's Encyclopædia, bound, or in parts.—Box 9312, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Times Encyclopædia Britannica, 10th edition, 1903, 35 vols., also Business Encyclopædia, Caxton, 6 vols.; both scarcely used, cloth binding; what offers?—Box 9313, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Business Encyclopædia, latest edition, perfectly new; what offers?—Box 9315, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Dictionary of Anonymous Literature, Johnson's Hints to Collectors of Dickens' and Thackeray's Works.—Box 9310, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"Cassell's Popular Educator" (eight volumes), quite new; accept 30s.; "Power of Will," by Frank Channing Haddock, 10s.—Box 9301, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Cut here.....

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1304.

Cut here.....

Modern Man

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PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

To the reader whose cutting is made use of a Modern Man Fountain Pen *will be sent.*

G.O.M. of the Salvation Army.

The world is sick of its talkers, and respects the man who does things. The late head of the Salvation Army was a doer, first, foremost and always; and as a doer he won, and deserved to win, the respect even of men who despised the cheap theatricalism of his great propaganda, revolted at the crude horrors of his theology, and resented the essential autocracy of his rule.

Living, we criticised while we lauded him. Dead, we salute with sorrow and reverence the man who was the friend of the friendless, the seeker and the uplifter of the lost lowest, the saviour of the harlot and the drunkard, the strongest personality of his generation, the founder of the most extraordinary and the most vital organisation of his time—The Man Who Did Things.

* * *

In another column appears a pen sketch of the famous Salvationist leader. In consequence, the eighth of the series of "The Modern Man" articles is held over until next week.

* * *

Queer Ideas of Decorum.

The ancient Priory Church at Lancaster has been for a long time renowned for its antiquities and its beautiful King's Own Memorial Chapel.

Unfortunately, though visitors at this season come in hundreds daily, some of them have such peculiar ideas of decorum that the vicar and wardens have been compelled to take action.

The new arrangements are indicated by a notice on the door of the King's Own Chapel, besides which is the instruction: "Ring for the Verger." The notice reads:—"Men are not allowed to wear their hats or smoke in the church. Women are requested to wear hats or some other headgear. No one is allowed to eat, drink, or partake of meals in the church. Owing to the difficulty experienced in enforcing these rules, visitors are only allowed round the church on week-days during the summer when conducted by the verger."

It seems almost incredible that in this year of grace such a notice should be necessary. Unhappily, that particular breed of human hog, which shows its own lack of self-respect by not respecting the rights of other people, is not yet extinct.

We still have the type of person who thinks it a great feat to carve "Braneless Kadd, 1912," on ancient monuments and works of art. People who will smoke, eat, drink—to say nothing of wearing their hats—in a sacred edifice are, we fear, past praying for.

* * *

"Silly Season" Discussion.

The *Daily Telegraph* has started its usual "Silly Season" discussion; and just now the palpitating subject is the cost of keeping a home together. Naturally enough, this has produced reams of footle from all manner of correspondents, to which the *Telegraph* has been obliging enough to give publicity. It is, however, refreshing to find among a cohort of futile effusions, one little epistle which breathes sound common-sense. We are pleased to reproduce it.

Says the writer: "I observe that your correspondents, after giving statements of their necessary cash payments, make no mention of their liabilities. As a tradesman of fifty years' experience (paying a rent of £200 a year in a provincial town), I find that 60 per cent. of family men with incomes of five or six hundred a year are insolvent, while the family is growing up. This is demonstrated when the head of a house is unfortunately lost."

We commend this to the serious consideration of all earnest students of social economy.

* * *

The Eastbourne Tragedy.

The intensely tragic case at Eastbourne of the man Murray, who murdered four people, and seriously injured a fifth, previous to killing himself, is only another instance of a terrible tendency which seems to be affecting men and women more and more strongly every day. We are referring to neurosis—a mental malady which seems to sap a person's ideas of right and wrong, and at the same time to glorify that person's Ego into a sort of divinity.

Such people as this do not hesitate, when trouble of any kind arises, to sacrifice the welfare of any number of other persons to secure the maximum of peace of mind for themselves—and it is undoubtedly for this reason that Murray slew his unfortunate "families."

* * *

An immediate "rider":—Ought not people of a neurotic tendency to be compulsorily confined in asylums?

* * *

Against the War Office.

Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest. The War Office has no funds available for the purpose of providing a fitting funeral for a penniless old soldier. The War Office itself has said so, and that, of course, is final.

Hence it came about that poor old Henry Kemage, who died suddenly at the age of sixty-seven, was committed to a pauper's grave. The coroner did his best to prevent it by communicating with the military authorities, but they replied to him as indicated.

Admittedly, it is all one to the dead man whether he occupy a nameless grave in Poverty Patch or a mausoleum among the marble tombstones; but we who survive him are more or less impressionable, and we like to see due honour accorded to the remains of a man who has fought and bled for his country.

The War Office people are not doing *all* that might be done to popularise the Army.

* * *

A Primitive Transaction.

No man who appropriates a fifty-guinea watch and sells it for threepence can have come from the mould in which the enduringly successful burglar is shaped. George Sidney Mitchell, who recently distinguished himself as the merchant in a primitive transaction of this kind, and thereby expedited his introduction to the Surrey Quarter Sessions, will have ample leisure during the ensuing twelve months to make choice of some other profession, one in which his elementary conception of values will not be an insuperable bar to the retention of his services.

The "sumtumn" weather we've been enjoying (?) has demoralised even London coal merchants. They've already begun the pleasant little process of putting up prices, by which they invariably indicate the advent of winter.

Legislation that would tend to keep those prices down when the days are short and chilly, would have given far more general satisfaction than some which have recently come into force.

* * *

Cocky Cyril Asquith.

Mr. Cyril Asquith thinks too much of himself—and incalculably more than is thought of him. Summoned to appear at Winchester Police Court he had the impertinence to send a letter explaining that it would inconvenience him to do so. Speaking to the subject of the charge against his Cyril Asquithship, a policeman deposed that the defendant left a motor-car in a street at midnight, without lights, front or rear, and with failing to produce a driver's licence when called on to do so. Told that he would be reported on the three charges involved, cocky Cyril retorted: "Oh, thanks very much; anything else?"

Yes, young Asquith, this "else"—don't presume on the accident of your name and the high place of your father. Misfortunes happen to the best of fathers—it seems to us that you're a case in point.

* * *

Amusement by Torture.

We suggest that the real reason why the rack, thumb-screw and other interesting and ingenious implements of "torture" were given up was because it was found that prisoners thoroughly enjoyed them, and got themselves into trouble on purpose, so that they might excite themselves for nothing with the sensations that nowadays we have to pay for.

This seems to be the only explanation of the popularity of the fiendish contrivances at the exhibitions this year for the whirling, hurling, banging, mangling, turning-over, throwing-out, shattering, battering, anatomy-displacing, thumping and bumping of the bodies of greatly-daring and eccentrically delighted patrons.

You pay your money and take your risk, which you can vary all day long at a few coppers a go. An unaccountable lack of prescience, however, in the diagnosis of the public taste in the matter of pains and thrills is evidenced by the absence of any arrangement by which you can be stuck all over with poisoned pins and needles.

* * *

The Idiot of the Pocket Knife.

Lunacy is often an acute phase of vanity; notably so in the case of the idiots who go about carving their initials on anything, anywhere, with which they can disfigure them. Summoned for cutting "G.F." on a seat in Richmond Park, one of these pocket knifers pleaded that "he had only just come from abroad." He had better go back again.

To the custodians of public show-places all over the country, the name and initial hacker, with his ever-ready blade, is a nuisance and a pest. If he were unwatched he would gleefully avail himself of a chance to scratch the throne itself, or the High Altar of Westminster Abbey.

The proper place for the exercise of his digital dexterity would be the cell of a criminal lunatic asylum, where his initials, or the equally obscure names they abbreviate, would be in keeping with their environment.

* * *

Pets of the Treasury.

Members of Parliament are a job lot, made up of all sorts and conditions of men. Irrespective of either need or worth they are paid £400 a year all round. Judged by the commercial value of their abilities, they are not cheap at the price, for though some of them are worth much more, more of them are worth much less. But the Treasury has officially announced that for income-tax purposes an assessment deduction of £100 is to be made off each £400.

To the general body of income-tax payers "this concession" is a grossly iniquitous injustice. Are they going to take it lying down? The amount represented by "this concession" has nothing whatever to do with the principle at stake. "This concession" is an atrocity of favouritism. The "reason" found by the Treasury—(it must have wanted a lot of finding)—suggests that the Treasury has lost its reason.

* * *

A Silly Trick.

The "rock-the-boat" and the "didn't-know-it-was-loaded" type of person is perennially with us. Unfortunately, we also have the thoughtless servant who pours paraffin on the fire to make it burn up. A poor little seventeen-year-old servant-girl lost her life by this silly trick at Hackney the other day. "She was a mass of flames—like a human torch," said a witness at the subsequent inquest. "It ought to be a warning to people not to put paraffin oil on fires," remarked the coroner. Unhappily the public is always having this kind of warning; and seldom—very seldom—profiting by it.

* * *

Good Fish Wasted.

At Berwick the other day two labourers were charged with stealing two salmon, valued at £5.

The police caught the men at midnight on the railway with the fish. The case was remanded.

The manager of the Tweed Salmon Fishery Company asked that the fish might be returned, as they were perishable, and would be useless if kept a week. The Bench replied that they could not make such an order.

So there are Shallows in Berwick as well as in other places. We may be dense, but we do not quite see why five pounds' worth of good fish should be wasted in this way. When we think of the price that was extorted from us for "Saumon Ecossais, sauce Hollandaise," at our favourite restaurant the other day, words fail us.

* * *

Some Daring Spirits.

Some daring spirits have mooted the idea of reviving the old-fashioned music-hall or "Cave of Harmony," where people could sup while listening to the entertainment. We should be rather doubtful of its success. The variety entertainment is now of a rather different character.

Perhaps the rattling of knives and forks might help to drown the banjo-like voices of the American cross-talk artists; but we pity the unfortunate auditor who had taken a mouthful of a hot baked potato just as George Robey cracked one of his richest funniments.

Nor do we think that the violin solo of Miss Maisy Law would blend well with shouts for grilled kidneys and stout. But there is one artiste whose name would look very well on the bill of such a music-hall as we have endeavoured to indicate. Need we say that we allude to Mr. Barclay Gammon?

* * *

"Good Luck to the Lions!"

"I don't wish to disguise the fact that there will be considerable risk to the hunters," was the cheery remark of Mr. Bostock, who propriets the White City Jungle, with reference to his scheme for lion-hunting at Shepherd's Bush.

We are glad to hear it. In fact, the less the fact is disguised the better we shall be pleased. Mr. Bostock says that he proposes to transform the Stadium into a colourable imitation of a jungle—"with rocks, hills, tall grass, caverns, trees, etc."—in fact, all the comforts of a jungle. He goes on: "I intend to give the lions at least a fortnight's freedom, so that they may get thoroughly at home in their surroundings before their recapture is attempted, and as there will be ample cover for them the hunters will have all the excitement they can wish for before the hunt is ended. The hunters will be about a hundred men who want the experience and are prepared to pay a high price for it. You must understand that this is a private affair, and that the public will not be admitted. Each of the hunters will be allowed to bring in a few friends if he desires, and these will be accommodated in specially-constructed cages at suitable 'vantage points. These guests, with the staff and myself, will be the only spectators."

All we can say is: Good luck to the lions!

* * *

New Astor Arrival.

The worship of the Almighty Dollar spreads apace. The youthful widow of the late Colonel Astor has given birth to what is called a three million dollar baby, in a £4,000,000 house, containing a sumptuous nursery provided at a cost of £2,000, and all New York seems to have become gibberingly insane in consequence.

If an Englishman loves a lord, the Yank adores a millionaire. For days before the arrival of the young gentleman who is heir to three million dollars, motor-cars filled with sight-seers stopped outside the Astor mansion, through the windows of which the excited passengers gazed with impertinent inquisitiveness, while guides waxed eloquent over the cost of the edifice and the art treasures it contains.

To a description of all this the New York papers devoted columns upon columns, while huge photographs of the expectant mother were displayed in shop windows with the prodigality of utter recklessness.

When the newest citizen of the Great Republic of the West began his separate existence, the fact was at once announced to the eager crowd of Mammon-worshippers outside, a second bulletin conveying the momentous information that the baby weighed 7⅞ lbs.

And ever since then the crowds have continued, and the motor-borne sight-seers have drifted along, in the hope that grandmamma would exhibit the infant at a window to evoke their frantic cheers. Doesn't it make you feel sick?

* * *

Suicide Brutally Assaulted.

It is in every way to be regretted that the case against Charles Underwood, Joseph Watkins, and Stanley and Samuel Kitchener was disposed of before the inquest on Albert Richardson took place.

He committed suicide through their threatening to murder him if he gave evidence against them. He had seen them rob an old man of £5 in a public-house, and on interfering had been brutally assaulted. It was on the very day on which he should have appeared at the police court that he threw himself under a train.

The coroner declared that Underwood, Watkins, and the Kitcheners were morally guilty of Richardson's death, though not criminally so. Nevertheless, there can be little doubt that the magistrate would have inflicted upon them the maximum penalty for the offence with which they were charged, if only he had known of that also for which they were morally responsible. Pity he didn't!

* * *

Heaven Retard the Day!

Here's a significant little indication of what we may expect when woman vies with man in everything.

Signorina Teresa Labriola recently succeeded in establishing the recognition of her alleged right, as a lawyer, to plead before the Italian courts, and made her début before the Military Tribunal of Rome as counsel for the defence of a private who had assaulted an officer.

The case was an unusually serious one, and the Procurator-General insisted that the prisoner deserved the exemplary sentence of four years' imprisonment. Probably he did, and probably, too, he would have got it but for Signorina Labriola.

She was young, slim, and attractive-looking; and the judges—well, they were men and therefore susceptible. To reduce a long account to brevity, the eloquence—and good looks—of the charming Portia got the accused off with a sentence of only four months.

Women counsel, attenuated justice, and a consequent increase in the number of misdemeanours—that, apparently, is what we are threatened with. Heaven retard the day!

* * *

Pigheaded Obstinacy.

The conviction easily and as a matter of course obtained against the defendant in the first Insurance Act prosecution cannot surprise, and should not be regretted by, the opponents of the Act, who have nothing to gain by the pig-headed obstinacy of active resisters. If the law is a bad law, it can be either mended or ended by the machinery that created it. Refusal of compliance in the meantime is simply a form of rowdyism unworthy of a law-abiding people. Pig-headed obstinacy, however loud the squeals in which it vocalises itself, never does any good, even to the pig.

* * *

Doom, Doubt, and Doyle.

In 1909 a German Jew, known as Oscar Slater, was condemned to death for the murder of an old lady in her flat at Glasgow. Two days before the date fixed for his execution he was reprieved. Why? There were no mitigating circumstances, and it is fair to assume that the Home Secretary must have been actuated by a doubt of the convict's guilt. That convict is now serving out a life sentence at Peterhead. Why? If there was doubt enough to save him from one fate there is doubt enough to save him from the other, and we join Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in urging on the official conscience and the public conscience the duty of reconsidering the whole case, in the light of the facts and arguments cogently pleaded by Sir Arthur in the brochure from his impartial pen that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just published.

And what about Stinie Morrison, whose fate is another marvel of judicial inconsistency?

* * *

"Missionaries" for Putumayo.

It isn't the poor Indians to whom missionaries should be sent, even from the missionary point of view, but the whites who have waxed rich on the poor Indians' sufferings. Personally, we advocate hanging the guilty whites, but at the same time we have no objection to their being preached to after their bodies have been cut down. What we are solicitous to make sure about first is the damnation of their souls.

* * *

Pseudo Humanitarianism.

The age wants more grit, not more—or any—of the pseudo "humanitarianism" of the Humanitarian League. These soft-hearted, soft-headed, well-meaning ill-doers would emasculate us all in no time if they could have their way. They are especially hopeless and senseless in their objections to the infliction of punishments that hurt—let us be thankful that they are also comparatively helpless. No one questions their sincerity, and on many subjects they are quite sane.

Their last protest (addressed to the Lord Chancellor) refers to "the very large and apparently increasing amount of corporal punishment that is being inflicted in children's courts," and has a lot to say for itself. Now to us it is quite clear that at the back of the minds that originated this document is the conviction that corporal punishment for children is essentially a wrong form of punishment. Nature, experience, and, inferentially at all events, the Bible are dead against them. It is essentially a right form of punishment. The whole list of substitutive forms of punishment had better go by the board than this one form.

We have neither time nor (truth to tell) patience to labour the point, but are not satisfied to lose an opportunity of insisting that true humanitarianism is never going to be helped by namby-pambyism.

Whether the culprit be adult or juvenile, never punish till to punish is an obvious duty; but when you do punish, hurt. Namby-pambyists are for ever demanding that punishment shall not hurt—or, at the worst, "only a very very little."

* * *

The Jagger.

London has a harmful unnecessary Jagger in the person of a man who stands remanded on the charge of having committed a new and singular offence against public property—to wit, damaging by jaggage, to the amount of £2 10s., the Queen Victoria Memorial statue in Pall Mall. We repeat the jagger's own story in his own words, as reported, without present comment:—

"I was walking round with my wife, and saw a notice requesting visitors to keep off the marble steps, and I said to my wife, 'I don't believe it is marble. I believe it's putty,' and I jagged my umbrella into it to see whether it was marble or putty"—inflicting a scratch four inches long.

The jagger's doubts were solved. Marble it was, and the jagger ceased to jag on the appearance of the unsympathetic park-keeper, who gave him into the custody of an unsympathetic police-constable.

We said we would not comment, but one indignant question surges within us, and demands utterance. Why should the spirit of research that animates a genuine jagger be thus untimely quenched?

* * *

Death Pills for Live People.

Fifty or sixty ball cartridges proclaimed their presence in a load of refuse collected from Aldershot (town) by "terrifying explosions" in the destructor works. Ball cartridges are useful things in their proper places, but rubbish heaps are not the correct *locale* for the exercise of their legitimate activities. These handy little agencies of carnage are constantly cropping up where they are not wanted. The military authorities appear to allow them to get strewn about with an easy-going carelessness begotten of the confident assurance that plenty more are to be had where they come from.

* * *

The Speed Mania.

It becomes increasingly evident that speed mania must be a very real thing. So many railway accidents have been attributed to the taking of curves too swiftly, that one would have thought every engine-driver nowadays a model of caution when leaving the straight.

Apparently, however, it is quite otherwise. The exhilaration of thundering onward at top speed would seem to get into the blood, and curves are negotiated as if they didn't exist. Several accidents during the past few weeks have resulted, including the one between Roslin and Loanhead, in which the fireman was killed and a number of passengers were injured. Yet still the deadly game of Gilpin will go on.

The all-round plain speaking which has followed the recent Olympic Games, and in which *Modern Man* has taken a by no means minor part, is having its due effect.

The British Olympic Association has made up its mind to take the next Olympiad quite seriously. Proper organisation and sane methods of training have been determined upon. We may confidently expect, therefore, that, in the Olympic Games of 1916, we shall recover our lost prestige.

* * *

Prevention of Families.

In view of the fact that, in the matter of race suicide, we are well on the way to compete with France, whose birth rate is now lower than her percentage of deaths, it is simply deplorable to find the most bare-faced encouragement given on every side to, not merely the limitation, but the absolute prevention of families.

Advertisements for married couples, "without encumbrance," are rapidly on the increase. What a devil-suggested phrase! The child who should be the joy and the pride of its parents—who might one day be foremost in the van of human progress—an encumbrance!

It is bad enough when such advertisements emanate from irresponsible private individuals. But what is to be thought when the Kingston-on-Thames Union makes it a *sine qua non* that candidates for the joint appointment of workhouse master and matron must be childless? The first deserve to be kicked; the second, twice over.

* * *

Convicts and Suicide.

It would appear that the life of a convict is of as much value to the State as is that of the honest and useful citizen who preserves his freedom. How else account for the fact that if a prisoner threatens suicide, he is transferred to the congenial inactivity of an observation cell, where he is not permitted even to pick oakum, for fear he should convert some of it into a string with which surreptitiously to strangle himself?

Convicts who have no intention whatever of depriving the world of the dubious benefit of their continued existence, take advantage of this official anxiety on their behalf to simulate a desire for self-extinction, and thus elude the work which otherwise would fall to their share.

To such effect, at all events, was the evidence at the inquest at Armley Gaol, Leeds, on Thomas Cronan, who was found hanging in his cell by an improvised noose. It was suggested that he did not really intend to commit suicide, that he only meant to call attention to a supposed attempt on his life, but that the knot, devised for that purpose, accidentally tightened, and converted pretence into reality; and the verdict was in accordance with the suggestion.

Why, then, transfer convicts to observation cells and immunity from punishment, when it's a hundred to one against their suicide threats being genuine? It all seems so utterly preposterous.

* * *

Pitiable Enhibition of Folly.

The Clare (Suffolk) District Council has been distinguishing itself in a way that no other district council is likely either to envy or to emulate. To avoid paying for the insurance of one of its employees, whom it engaged to clear the roads of litter on Sunday mornings at the magnificent remuneration of sixpence, it has decided to dispense with his services!

Can a more pitiable exhibition of meanness, and folly, and stupidity be imagined? Dissatisfaction with the Insurance Act is legitimate enough, but when its expression takes the form of neglecting the interests of those for whose communal well-being you are responsible, it's high time that something was done to prevent the possibility of so monstrous an anomaly being repeated.

* * *

Excess Telephone Calls.

It's all very well, when there's a dispute about excess telephone calls, for the Post Office to point to the clause in the agreement:—"And the subscriber hereby agrees to pay all such sums as shall be certified by the accountant and comptroller to be correct." The question is, who is to certify the accuracy of the accountant and comptroller?

When a firm whose doors are never entered by anyone on Sunday is nevertheless charged with Sunday calls, and when a man who padlocks his house and goes away for three months is required, notwithstanding, to pay for forty calls for that period, it is fairly obvious that the public are being swindled.

The whole thing is becoming positively scandalous, and the sooner matters are brought to a climax, the better.

* * *

The English Sunday.

That dull, cheerless, drab, grey, and relatively modern Puritan institution of which sectarians are so proud—the English Sunday—is only defensible, if defensible at all, on social and utilitarian grounds, never on religious grounds. When first thrust into the position in which it gradually fortified itself, it was undeniably an innovation in the Christian world. Nothing like it had ever been known before; nothing quite like it is known to this day in any other part even of the Protestant world, save where the spirit of Puritanism is predominant.

Modern Man is no advocate of a "Godless Sunday"—far from it; but *Modern Man* does insist that the extrusion of healthy pleasure and innocent recreation, and the obtrusion of what makes for gloom and mustiness, is alien to the true *motif* of the Christian Sunday as distinct from the Jewish Sabbath.

But when it comes to a question of one class *working* on Sunday for the entertainment of other classes, *Modern Man* is alert to protect and preserve the rights of the former to a day of rest. This question of Sunday labour for some is a big question in the matter of the Sunday evening opening of theatres and halls, but a very small one as regards the Sunday opening of picture palaces—so small that it is easily to be adjusted, the workers being so few and the work so simple.

Hence there is no inconsistency in advocating Sunday cinematography without "going the whole hog."

* * *

A Women's Caprice.

A woman's caprice and a man's folly have combined to rob the American stage of its most famous comedian—the much married and almost as much divorced Nat Goodwin.

The woman, Miss Marjorie Moreland, who was to have become Mrs. Nat. Goodwin Number Five, wanted to send a message ashore from the launch in which she and her fiancé were making a trip. The captain, however, declined to allow any member of his crew to risk his life in attempting to take a boat through the heavy surf.

Thereupon Mr. Goodwin volunteered, and Miss Moreland, evidently rating her message higher than his safety, allowed him to go. The result was more or less what might have been expected. The unfortunate actor is still alive, but internally injured, and paralysed in his lower limbs.

A man's folly, a woman's caprice.

* * *

Frivolous Appeals.

It was inevitable, when the Court of Criminal Appeal was established, that an improper use would sometimes be made of it. As Mr. Justice Darling said the other day, nine-tenths of the applications which come before the Court are absolutely frivolous, each of them nevertheless involving the country in considerable expense. A little more severity now and again, in adding to the original sentence, when the case goes against the appellant, would doubtless tend to decrease the number of these frivolous applications.

* * *

Concerning Premature Burial.

"In the midst of life we are in death," would seem to have, as its converse: "In the midst of death we may be in life." There can be little doubt that cases of premature burial are far more numerous than is generally supposed, and too much prominence cannot be given to the agitation which has for its object the legislative demand for scientific verification of death before either interment or cremation is sanctioned.

* * *

Three Genders.

There are three human genders—male, female, and suffragette, unless the last named brand of abortion be ruled out of the category of humanity altogether and relegated to the brute creation, with which it would be easy to show it has a closer affinity.

Last week we commented on the lenient sentence of five years' penal servitude passed on two alleged females for attempting to wreck by fire the Theatre Royal, Dublin. The ungrateful creature known as Mrs. Pankhurst has lost no time in sending a ferocious "message" to the members of the Women's Social and Political Union. In this "message" she refers to the convicts as "heroines," "whom we love and honour."

What she means by the following threat is quite clear, in the light of the infamies of her own "political" career and those of the movement with which she is associated. "When Parliament re-opens I shall be with you, ready to fight by your side."

The Suffragette idea of a "fight" is to bite, scratch, smash, maim, burn and blow to pieces, preferably without discrimination of friend from opponent.

Of the futility of magisterial indulgence, of pampering in prison, and frightened remission on the part of a Home Secretary, Mrs. Pankhurst is herself the most illuminating example. This egregious "message" demonstrates once more that to show her any special consideration is a crime against the community at large. It is unfair to the ordinary inmates of an ordinary jail that they should be subjected to the risk of contamination by having to consume their skilly under the same roof as the Suffragettes. What is really wanted is a separate Penal Establishment for Criminal Cats.

* * *

Absolute Moonshine.

What a lot of nonsense has been written lately on the alleged influence of the moon on the weather. How can anyone have any doubt about the matter?

Our satellite has been under observation for so many thousands of years, that, if the climatic conditions of Mother Earth were in any way subject to her movements, the fact would long ago have been as firmly established as that of Luna's phases. And yet reputable newspapers can pretend to treat the question seriously, as if it were an open one, and devote columns of their space, day after day, to the veriest and dreariest of piffle that's only so much moonshine.

* * *

Still at it!

Up to the time of going to Press the person Tillett was not arrested. Growing bolder through long immunity, he stood up at Aberavon the other day and delivered himself as follows:—

"I curse Lord Devonport, the thieves, murderers, scamps, and scoundrels of his class. I would shoot him on sight, because I hate him and his class."

Speech is free in England, we know; but there are limits. Direct incitement to murder from a public platform should be outside the complaisance, even of this—the most complaisant Government on record.

IN THE STOCKS.

NO 1.—MR. FIREBRAND TILLETT.

"THE GENERAL."

PEN-PICTURE OF THE SALVATION ARMY CHIEF.

William Booth was a kind of combination of Peter the Hermit and Phineas T. Barnum. To a passionate belief in his cause, and white-hot fervour in the work to which he devoted his life, he united a booming instinct that amounted to genius. He believed in the uses of advertisement; and he beat the publicity drum with the same enthusiasm as his bandsmen thumped the actual instrument of percussion.

Force of Personality.

By sheer force of personality he wore down the ridicule and abuse which were freely showered upon the Army when it was first founded, and when the newspapers began to drop the inverted commas in which they had for a long time placed his title as head of the organisation, it was a tacit admission that the great, indefatigable boomster had gained over some of those who had at first nothing but sneers for the Salvation Army and its chief.

Easily Drew Attention.

Physically, William Booth was a noticeable figure. He was tall and wiry, with, in later years, a mass of white hair and beard which gave him the appearance of a patriarch of old. In any assemblage he easily drew attention. As a speaker his magnetic power was great; and he absolutely swayed his audience as he willed.

There were some who cast doubts on the General's sincerity. It was freely stated that the Salvation Army was a commercial undertaking; and accusations of "sweating" were made in connection with its farms and homes. Nobody who came in contact with William Booth, however, could help but see his genuine belief in the work he was doing. He drew thousands and thousands of pounds from the British Public. In 1890 he issued his famous appeal for £100,000, and got it. Since then he has gathered in much more wealth

Simple and Unpretentious.

But his life has remained simple and unpretentious work—his work in connection with the great fight against sin, misery, and destitution—was his recreation and his hobby. His energy was boundless and inexhaustible. At seventy-nine he started a tour in South Africa; and up to the very last he displayed a vitality and an endurance which might have been envied by men thirty years his junior.

Well, he has gone. Bitterly opposed and misunderstood at first, he lived to see the work of his life respected by the highest and the lowest, and his best monument is "The Army."

Pawnbroker's Assistant.

The man destined to become the inspiring force of the most remarkable religious organisation of our time was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He was cradled in a humble home in a back street in Nottingham, and it was as a pawnbroker's assistant, the sole support of his widowed mother, that he came face to face with poverty and its problems.

William Booth has died, honoured by kings and emperors, the controller of a body of social workers numbering over 20,000 and carrying on a beneficent labour in sixty-one countries of the world. His disciples "testify" in forty tongues; they "reprove sin" in eight thousand towns. His name was a power in Iceland, in Java, in Uruguay, and amongst the Zulus.

There are Salvationists among the Matabele, the Maories, the Sandwich Islanders; "Salvation" journals with an annual circulation of about 54,000.000 are read in twenty-one of the world's languages.

* * *

There could be no better successor to the "G.O.M." than Mr. Bramwell Booth, who has worked unceasingly as chief of staff of the "Army" since 1880. Born in Halifax, he was nine years of age when his father, the late General, started his evangelising efforts in the East End of London.

SHOCKING DISGRACE IN LONDON.

FURTHER REVELATIONS OF "HUMAN CATTLE PENS."

[In consequence of the enormous correspondence (enormous is literally the only word) that we have received at *Modern Man* office, as a result of our recent fearless exposures of the overcrowding existing in the slum districts of London and its suburbs, in places which we fitly described as "Human Cattle Pens," we have decided to probe yet further towards the root of this malignant public evil. Embodied in the following article are some additional facts—deplorable ones, but which we put forward in confidence before the notice of our more seriously-inclined readers.—Ed., *Modern Man*.]

The sociological and psychological analyst who interests himself in a study of the temperament of the British people is not long before he discovers a vein of almost incredible apathy running through the nation as a whole. It is one of the hardest possible tasks to rouse the activities (*activities*, mark you, not interest, for the latter can often be easily excited) of the public against abuses whose abolition is vital to the general well-being.

Far be it from us on *Modern Man*, however, to give in while there is even the faintest fighting chance left; and we intend pegging away still further at the glaring menace of overcrowding among the poor. And we are, not unnaturally, glad to say that in this matter we see distinct hope of our sincere efforts proving successful; for the widespread epistolary support which we have received from our readers is most encouraging to us.

It is not, unfortunately, only among the very poor that this overcrowding is to be found. There are very many men—and women—of perverted tastes and inclinations among the working classes, who, though they may be in receipt of quite satisfactory sums of money every week will live with their families—generally big in such cases—possibly in only one squalid room.

There is, for instance, a road in Fulham—to wit, Bramber Road—one end of which is let out in tenements. In some of these tenements, consisting of, perhaps, two rooms and a kitchen, a family of say, six—father, mother, and four children—actually take in lodgers. Thus it is no uncommon thing to find as many as ten or twelve people penned together in three very small and very dirty rooms.

But Bramber Road is not alone in this respect. Kenneth Road, Jervis Road, and Mulgrave Road are all thoroughfares of the same kind in the immediate vicinity; and are inhabited, it is sad to say, by men who manage to earn quite a satisfactory wage. Here, for instance, is an actual case in point.

Cheap Finery and Drink.

In one of these roads a man lives in one room with his wife and four children, two boys (nine and seven respectively), and two girls (eight and two and a-half). There is a gas-stove in this one room, on which the family meals are prepared, the Saturday bath—a weekly rite which is performed with all due solemnity—is taken by each member in turn with all the others looking on—and for other more intimate reasons which it is not necessary to specify, the whole state of affairs could not possibly be more unwholesome.

Now here comes the deplorable part of the business. The man is in the employ of a well-known firm of caterers. He earns 32s.—sometimes more—per week; and has all his meals given to him when at work. Consequently his wife can be said to have 32s. weekly (for he is allowed little or no pocket money) with which to house, feed, and clothe the family. It must be remembered, too, that in the matter of food the father is practically no expense at all.

Surely, then, out of that sum, they could afford to pay more than 4s. weekly for rent. This, however, is all that the mother—for she it is who rules the roost—will consent to pay. Moreover, she practically starves her off-spring, spending her husband's money on cheap finery and beer for herself. What is worse, the family are deeply in debt.

Terrible "Temporary Shelters."

This is only one case; but it is needless to recount more; for the hundreds—nay, thousands—of other instances are so similar that their repetition would be tedious. Now, however, we may not unfitly, though with considerable distaste, turn to yet another almost more dreadful form of overcrowding.

This is to be found chiefly in the terrible "temporary shelters" which abound in the S.E. district of the Metropolis. Here, not to put an undesirably fine point upon it, foul male and female ghouls prey upon the baser instincts—strongest in degradation—of the lowest dregs of London's outcast population.

Dirty, Dilapidated Edifices.

They are as a rule tall, dirty, dilapidated edifices, most of them standing back from the road, with a frowsy little gravelled path leading from the door to the pavement-railings. Sometimes there is a cracked lamp, with a feeble gas flare inside it, over the front door, and on this you will perhaps be able to distinguish under the coating of soot and grime, the legend "Good Beds. Sixpence."

From this one would imagine that these places were humble nocturnal refuges for poor men; but in nine cases out of ten—to quote a quite moderate average, such an assumption would be very far from the truth. Let me guide the reader in imagination over one of these fearful places. Entering at the door, which is generally ajar, we find a filthy old hag sitting on a chair just inside the hall. She stretches out a claw, into which we drop sixpence each. Then she rises and escorts us up flights of greasy-bannistered and ricketty stairs to a room—and what a room!

Absolutely bare of furniture, save for a few loathsome mattresses or heaps of cloth (serving as beds) upon the floor, this hateful place is illuminated by the sickly gleam of an unguarded gas jet in one corner. And—horror of horrors!—we find that the occupants—there are perhaps twenty or more—are of both sexes.

There is no need, in fact it would be hardly desirable, to explain this point further; but enough has been said to allow any man or woman of the world to understand what kind of house this is.

Reached Its Worst Form.

Now we come to another terrible type of human cattle-pen—the 3d. or 6d. "doss-house." These are, sure enough, for men; but though actual vice is not too frequent in such places, they are absolute hells in other respects. Crime of the worst and most depraved kind is to be met with there. Every man's hand is against his neighbour, there is no one to see fair play; and the weakest is bound to go to the wall. Woe betide any unfortunate—possessing a shilling or two—who goes to a doss-house in which there is a stronger man than he. Those few shillings will soon pass into the keeping of that stronger man; and the victim will have no earthly chance of recovering them.

But it is from the point of view of overcrowding that we are chiefly discussing these places. And it is an undoubted fact that overcrowding here reaches its very worst form. These houses, which are to be found in such places as Vauxhall, Deptford, Notting Dale, Clerkenwell, Fulham, Pimlico, Hammersmith, etc., are hardly ever bigger in extent than a dozen rooms or so. One of these is a sort of kitchen, another is the miserable "common room" (not, of course, used for sleeping), and two or more are occupied by the proprietor, or his "deputy."

Question to the L.C.C.

Thus we will say that eight or so are available for sleepers. Then as seventy-five or even a hundred outcasts is no uncommon number every night, we have anything between nine and a dozen verminous creatures sleeping together in one room in bed-clothes that are hardly ever changed from one month's end to another.

We ask in all earnestness—in fact, with a note of command in our enquiry—why does not the L.C.C take instant action?

J. S. C.

THROWING IT ABOUT.

The ex-Sultan of Morocco, Mulai Hafid, who has 125 wives and female attendants, has made himself very popular in Marseilles by the truly royal fashion in which he has been flinging his money about.

If he does not learn the value of money in the near future it is certain that the £15,000 which the French Government allows him as his annual civil list will not last very long.

His first visit was to the Cathedral, and on leaving he handed the curé £12. A blind beggar he met outside received £4. At the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, another blind beggar received £1 12s.

A guide who presented Mulai Hafid with some picture postcards received £4. The official who sells tickets to visit the various parts of the church got a similar sum.

At the Palais de Longchamps Mulai Hafid bought a picture postcard for £2 5s. At the casino on the beach, after listening to the orchestra, he sent £3 4s. to the conductor, while a blind beggar was given £1 12s.

Perhaps the ex-Sultan will visit London! Our office boy would like to cultivate his acquaintance.

* * *

SMALL POMS. BIG FEAST.

Whilst some people are in doubt how they will be able to meet this or that account, others are so fortunately placed that they can spend large sums in queer ways. A Mr. Harry Lehr has spent nearly a quarter of a million on freak dinners. One of these was given for Mrs. Lehr's small Pomeranian dog named "Mighty Atom." "Mighty Atom" invited to dinner seven dogs of equal breeding and good manners.

* * *

At the Newport Bridge Club, when the members get tired of playing for dollar-notes, they vary the amusement by playing for silk hose that cost over £5 a pair.

* * *

STARTING LIFE AT SIXTY.

Too old at forty does not apply in Japan.

Wakao Ippel, the richest man in the province of Yamanashi, who has just celebrated his ninety-third birthday, did not learn to read until he was sixty, nor had he begun to amass his great fortune.

He was a rag-picker, and his first money-making venture was the purchase of a number of crystal balls, which he sold at an enormous profit. After reaching the age of sixty he engaged a tutor, and as soon as he had learned to read began Chinese classics, a study which he pursued until his ninetieth year.

* * *

MUSICAL MIKE.

He was a son of Erin, anxious to join the police force.

The officer eyed him critically, and asked him if he could read and write.

"Both," answered Mike, with airy confidence.

"Come here, then," ordered the officer, as he nudged the sergeant. He pointed to a laundry window opposite, which was adorned by Chinese characters. "Can you read that sign over there?" he asked.

The Hibernian studied the lettering for a moment, scratched his head, and replied: "Shure, yer anner, Oi can't read it, but if Oi had a fiddle Oi could play it for yez."

* * *

Rowell: Do you believe in heredity?

Powell: I should say I did! I married the daughter of a judge, and she is always laying down the law to me.

* * *

Counsel (to witness): Now, then, Mr. O'Malley, give us your last residence.

O'Malley: Faith, sor, I dunno, but it'll be the cimitery, Oi'm thinkin'.

* * *

COULDN'T AFFORD IT.

Friend: You and your husband seem to be getting on well together just now. I thought you had quarrelled.

Wife: Can't do that in these days, when our dresses fasten down the back.

HIS DEDUCTION.

The Professor was lecturing on "Colour Blindness," but one gentleman did not quite grasp his meaning, so mounted the platform at the end of the lecture to make inquiries.

"Mister," he said, "would yer mind tellin' me plainlike wot this 'ere culler blindness is?"

"Oh, yes," said the Professor; "do you see this?" and he held up a piece of turkey red cloth.

"Yus," said the inquirer.

"Well, if you said that cloth was green why that would indicate colour blindness."

"That's it, is it? Well, mister, I should say that would indicate bloomin' ignorance."

* * *

Jones: Don't trouble to see me to the door, Smith.

Smith: No trouble; quite a pleasure, I assure you.

* * *

Once in a great while a man may be able to attribute his poverty to his honesty.

* * *

AT THE CUSTOMS HOUSE.

A humorous incident occurred at a foreign customs house not long ago. A certain traveller wished to land with a pair of horns that had been taken from a rare mountain animal, and it took him and the customs officer a long time to decide exactly how the tariff stood with regard to such articles.

At first the officer wanted to charge duty on the horns as ivory, but the traveller refused to recognise this claim. As he pointed out, the horns were *not* ivory; he suggested that they ought to be classed as live-stock. The official, however, could not allow this. He said they were so sure that the animal wasn't dead by this time. In the end the traveller was permitted to take the horns ashore without paying duty, the official having classed them as "Old wearing apparel in use!"

* * *

AWAITING INSTRUCTIONS.

William, the footman, called his master up by telephone the other day.

"I regret to inform you, sir, that your house is on fire and fast burning down," came the voice across the 'phone.

"What a terrible misfortune! But my wife—is she safe?" queried his master.

"Quite safe, sir; she got out among the first."

"And my daughters—are they all right?"

"All right, sir; they were with the mother."

"And what about my mother-in-law?"

"That is what I want to speak to you about, sir, in particular. Your mother-in-law is lying asleep in the third storey back, and, knowing your regard for her comfort, I wasn't sure whether I ought to disturb her or not, sir."

* * *

HIS SUITE CROP.

The barber had been so voluble and persistent that the bald-headed little man upon whom he was operating had, in sheer desperation, purchased a two-and-ninepenny bottle of his "Sprout Instanter" hair producer.

Two days later the little man bounced into the saloon, with a glare in his eyes that caused the proprietor to pick up the machine brush as a weapon of defence, and to retreat precipitately to a position of safety behind the counter.

"That 'Sprout Instanter'——" commenced the little man, in a tone that made all the razors shiver.

"But, sir, you must have patience," interrupted the barber. "Why, it was only two days ago——"

"Patience!" broke in the irate one. "Great Scot! There ain't enough patience in the world to fit my case! That muddle-headed girl of ours has mistaken the hair-producer for furniture polish!"

"Ah, I see," smiled the barber. "And you want another bottle?"

"No, I don't!" snapped the bald-headed gentleman. "I want to know how much you'll charge to shave our new dining-room suite?"

* * *

"DROWNED THE CHOIR."

The young man who is alleged to have chanted the prayers in St. John's Church, Sandymount, Dublin, in such a loud voice that he "drowned the choir," should now try "drowning the militant suffragettes." It would do him much greater credit.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. VI.—A REVELATION.

By
ADAM STERN,
Author of the Selby Series which proved so popular in "Modern Man."

Even the bravest man might be forgiven some feeling of uneasiness at finding himself in Kane's predicament—surrounded by hostile men in a squalid East-end slum, the time midnight, no help of any kind near.

Kane, looking round at the menacing faces hemming him in, felt a chill creep up his spine and a tickling at the roots of his hair; but he still held himself erect, and on the firm, good-humoured lips there was the shadowy semblance of a smile.

A gas-lamp over the entrance to the court threw a dim illumination on the group. The men, for the most part, were foreign-looking, some with ear-rings in their ears; all had a hard and weather-beaten appearance—seamen unmistakably—and were disturbingly quiet, dividing their glances between Kane and the man who stood directly facing him—a man with a clean shaven, bloodless face and the most unpleasant looking eyes Kane had ever seen.

This man, their evident leader, said harshly: "Take him into number ten. Gag him if he makes any row"; and Kane was right-about-faced, wisely realising the futility of resistance, and marched uncompromisingly across the courtyard and through a dark doorway into a gloomy candle-lit kitchen. Here he was dumped into a chair, and the men released him and stood back near the doorway.

"Thank you," said Kane, feeling anything but heroic.

He lit a cigarette and made himself comfortable. There was a fire burning in the grate, and a smoke-blackened kettle steamed on the hob. The room was stiflingly hot. On the rough deal table were a quantity of glasses and bottles. An odour of rum prevailed.

"And now," said Dunlop Kane, "if it's not an impertinent question, what the devil do you think you're playing at?"

No one answered him.

"Would one of you be so kind," persisted Kane patiently, "as to tell me the name of the sepulchral-looking gentleman who is to blame for keeping me up so late?"

Still no one spoke. From their lack of interest in him he might have been a sheep.

"Ah, well!" said Kane, sighing ostentatiously.

He finished one cigarette and lit another, reaching out to take a candlestick from the table with negligent unconcern. Finally he yawned.

He was making another yawn—this time a genuine one—when the man with the sepulchral face returned. With a gesture he dismissed the men about him.

"You will be interested to know," he said, smoothly, "that the sealed envelope we're after, and which you dropped in the letter-box outside only a few minutes ago, will in a short time now be in my possession."

"Very interested," agreed Kane. "How do you propose to get hold of it? The burgling of a letter-box is not quite the simplest of pastimes, I believe.'

"We are not intending to burgle it. The postman will be along presently—he is occasionally late; we shall then be obliged to relieve him of his bag."

"It's good to be sanguine," said Kane; "but what do you imagine the postman will be doing meantime?"

The other smiled diabolically. "There is the river near at hand," he said.

"By George!" said Kane, starting up, "you don't soberly mean——"

"If you will inform us what address was written on the envelope you will abolish the necessity of interfering with the postman at all."

"I see," said Kane, slowly, "so that's the kind of threat you hold over me?" He debated a little, and then leaned back easily. "Well," he said, airily, "I see no objection to telling you. The envelope belongs to Curtis Prosing—no doubt you know this—and Curtis Prosing is the brother of my boss, Mr. Prosing, of Prosing's celebrated Emporium. Curtis Prosing mysteriously disappeared from his brother's house a few days ago, where he had been staying, and left behind him that precious package which, it having been entrusted to my care, and finding myself in danger of losing it, I posted back to the address whence it originally came."

"You perishing desolation!" roared the other. "You returned it to Curtis Prosing himself?"

"The truth," agreed Kane imperturbably.

"At his brother's house?"

"At his brother's house."

The other sat on the table and clutched his head between his hands. "Oh, Lord!" he groaned. "Oh, Lord!" He rocked to and fro, palpably in an extremity of emotion. Suddenly he threw up his head and laughed—laughed so consumedly that Kane sat upright with surprise.

"Thus all my trouble has been brought to naught!" he said.

"Precisely," concurred Kane. "But I fail to see what you find so funny in it."

"You wouldn't," admitted the other, sobbing as he wiped his eyes. "There are more jests in heaven and earth, Horatio ——. Who the devil's that?" with a return to his former truculent manner as the door swung open and a man came in.

"Cap'n Prosing!" The man touched his forelock. "There's a police-boat stopped near the wharf, and they're sure to sight us if we carry out your orders as to the postman."

"To h—l with the orders!" shouted the Cap'n. "Orders countermanded. Go and get gloriously drunk." He turned his eyes on the mystified Kane.

"Prosing?" repeated that young man. "*Prosing*, did I hear him say?"

"At your service," returned the other, and getting on his feet, swept him a sarcastic bow. "Does the fact surprise you." I am flattered by your speechless incredulity."

"You'll excuse me a minute," said Kane, and wiped his brow, and then vigorously pinched his leg. "All right," he said. "Go on."

"I sincerely trust," said the mirth-exhausted captain, solemnly, "that you have a sense of humour, young man."

"It's my cardinal compensation," said Kane.

"Then you'll require no convincing that in the perpetration of a practical joke, the truly-in-earnest jester will regard no detail as too elaborate, nor any trouble as a waste of time. My admirable young friend, it is my cursed ill-fortune to have a brother who is deplorably respectable. A respectability which is both unhealthy and unnatural. No Prosing in history has ever been so respectable as my unfortunate brother. No Prosing, indeed, has been respectable at all!

"For myself," he went on, with an apologetic gesture, "I have perhaps been a little too much the other way. Assistance here and there to would-be South American Presidents—attention to the death-rate in islands near the pearl fisheries; piracy, they call it—a little gun-running in the Persian Gulf—an occasional deal in niggers. One must live. But it was my brother I was telling you about.

"If you would know the character of a man you must be familiar with him as a boy. My brother was always dishonest—as witness the fortune he has made in the commercial world. He would always thieve when there wasn't any chance of being found out. It is not at all an uncommon failing. Solely with the motive of rescuing him from his unnatural righteousness and to give him the opportunity of being true to his baser self, I manufactured a chart and cipher directing the credulous to a fictitious hidden treasure, and spun the ancient tale of a sailor handing me the information while in his death-throes.

"I asked my brother to finance an expedition to find it, but I never expected him to consent—he has not that opinion of my reliability. But a couple of unsuccessful burglaries, artfully performed by myself, and hints as to a persistent tracking of me, and then my inexplicable vanishing all—these could be confidently calculated to impress my brother with a belief that the treasure was a fact. And what would he naturally do? Why, fit up an expedition himself and try to steal a march on me! And if the chart disappeared, it would be an additional incentive to urgency. I know him, I tell you, and there'll be glorious laughter in the scheme before it's finally finished with."

"Perhaps," said Kane. "But loyalty to my employer won't allow me to let him be fooled to that extent. I shall warn him. Shall we go and have a drink together? You are unusually entertaining."

(*To be continued.*)

CHEAP GIRL LABOUR.

FURTHER FACTS ABOUT THIS GROWING EVIL.

So much interest has been aroused among business men and women by our article in last week's *Modern Man*, under the title "Kicked Out by Women," that, in response to letters which have reached this office asking for instances, we are now giving additional facts on a subject which constitutes, without the shadow of a doubt, a grave national menace.

Typists as Ledger Clerks.

A particularly reprehensible case is that of a very well-known biscuit-making firm. For some years past this firm has made a practice of engaging young girl shorthand-typists at a salary of 5s. a week, and training them in the duties of ledger clerks. When the girls are considered to be proficient at the latter work, the firm gives them a salary of £1 per week. The significant point is that this ledger work was at one time done by male clerks at salaries of at least £2 weekly.

Here is another bad case. About three years ago, a well-known printing firm, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, dismissed a number of men—who, mark you, *had grown up in the firm's service*!—and substituted young girls at half the men's wages.

Another publishing firm in the same neighbourhood, not long ago, engaged a new manager. He was the proverbial "new broom," determined to show how clean he could sweep. One of his crazes was to demonstrate that he could run the business on cheaper lines than his predecessors. So—while making speeches on political platforms all over the country, in the spirit of an earnest philanthropist, he dismissed a big staff of well-paid male clerks to let in cheap girl labour.

Women at a Brewery.

Another glaring instance of this sort of thing, and one of quite recent date, was that of a provincial brewing firm who got rid of practically all their male clerks and took on women instead.

In conversation with Mr. Herbert H. Elvin, the energetic and deservedly popular secretary of the National Union of Clerks, the writer broached the question of whether there was not some remedy for this general supplanting of men by women—the latter in the majority of cases, more or less inefficient. Said Mr. Elvin:

"The position we take up is this. We recognise that under the present economic conditions women are forced into the labour market, for their own support, and often for the support of others dependent on them.

"We recognise the right of such women to work; but we demand that they should be efficient and should command an equal salary to that which a man would receive for doing the same work. This is our proposed remedy for the evil under discussion—equal payment for equal work."

"Under such conditions the inefficient girl 'pin-money' clerk would be shelved—just as would the almost equally numerous 'pocket-money' male junior. Salaries would be fixed for their money. For instance, when an inefficient woman applied for a job, in competition with a highly trained man, the employer, if he had to pay the same salary in each case, would naturally choose the man."

Comedy and Tragedy.

To illustrate how this undercutting of men by women militates against marriage, we may quote a story told us by Mr. Elvin, a story which possesses a blending of the elements of comedy and tragedy.

A male clerk and a girl clerk at Hull arranged to marry. Now, in the laudable ambition to earn a little more money for the purchase of her *trousseau*, the girl applied for and obtained a job at a higher salary than her previous one, in another office. But, imagine her dismay to find her wedding postponed, because she had taken her own sweetheart's job from him!

"TAPPERS."

HOW CHARITY IS ABUSED.

Of all the frauds and imposters who live by imposing upon the credulous section of the charitable public the "tapper" is undoubtedly the most dangerous and unscrupulous.

He is a professional beggar of the worst type, who does not hesitate even to prey upon his best and most intimate friends. There is quite a number of these "gentry" in London at the present time, and, when not otherwise engaged they are generally to be found loafing about the "four ale" bars in Fleet Street and vicinity.

The majority of them are men of education, whose constant boast it is that they have "seen better days." A few of them are undoubtedly well connected, but their connections have long since given them up as hopeless and ceased to have any dealings with them.

Doctors and Actors.

Among the particular gang I have in mind at the moment of writing is an ex-clergyman, two doctors, whose names are still on the register, several broken-down actors and journalists, and a one-time prosperous merchant.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the gang is the success which attends their operations. They are no ordinary beggars, and would scorn the idea of house to house begging for a meal or the price of a night's lodging. They succeed in begging sovereigns and half-sovereigns where the ordinary, everyday sort of beggar has to be content with pennies and half-pennies, and not a great many of them either.

A Stranger's Gift.

I have known one of these "tappers" to receive a five pound note from a total stranger as the result of a cunningly worded begging appeal, while the receipt of a sovereign is too common an occurrence to call for more than passing comment.

These people are not particular whom they "tap," providing they run no risk of getting into trouble in consequence. For the most part their victims belong to the wealthy and professional classes, although the fraternity are not averse to "tapping" people in more humble circumstances when an opportunity to do so presents itself.

When not loafing in public houses these people are to be found in the reading rooms of free libraries searching the pages of various books of reference for the names and addresses of likely victims.

The volumes which are most in requisition for this purpose are "Who's Who," the Army, Navy, Clergy, and Law Lists, "Debrett's," and the Literary Year Book.

Begging a Small Loan.

It is from these volumes that the "tappers" get their information concerning the people they ultimately impose upon. They spend hours at a stretch in the libraries, engaged in this occupation, and the result of their labours becomes evident a few days later when some person of well-known philanthropic habits receives a letter from a total stranger begging for a "small loan."

In some cases the "tapper" will risk a personal interview with the person he proposes to "tap," but only in cases where he feels quite secure in doing so. When a "tapper" has succeeded in "tapping" a benevolent person once, that benevolent person need expect no rest for some time to come, unless he or she takes active steps to prevent further annoyance.

The "tapper" will come again and again until his victim refuses point blank to stand him any further, when he will pass his "find" on to another "tapper," who will in his turn carry on the "tapping" business on different lines.

And so the game goes on, the victim being passed from one "tapper" to another until he or she realises what the game is and declines to hand out another farthing to any of the fraternity.

Commission from Others.

One man I know of has had over £50 from a philanthropist who is also a peer. He can get no more himself, but he still draws "commission" from other "tappers" whom he has put on the scent of this "good thing."

Meanwhile thousands of deserving poor are bearing their hard lot in silence, too proud to make their distress known or ask assistance from any.

H. P.

MY NOTE BOOK.

If I were to say that all the athletic badges had been sold, and that it had been decided not to trouble the manufacturers further this year, the probability is that not a few readers would vote me anything but sensible, and suggest that the illustration be removed from the page.

But it is not likely that I am going to lay myself open to such a reproof. The large order which I placed with the manufacturers when the badge was introduced has been executed and the demand has been so great that the stock has now been cleared, but more badges, both for costume and hat, have been ordered, and to-day I have been assured that there will be no delay in supplying them.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE.

If put to a vote I wonder how many of the thousands of readers of *Modern Man* would say "Yes" or "No" to a question such as: "Shall I occupy space in giving extracts from further letters in praise of *Modern Man*?" Possessing every confidence that the "ayes" would romp home, and recognising the rights of the majority, I proceed without hesitation to quote a few.

In the estimation of "H.S." (New Southgate) *Modern Man* is "far in front of any other paper of its kind;" whilst "H.J.F." (Lincoln) assures me "I would rather miss any paper than *Modern Man*."

"A.V.R." (Woking, Surrey) pays tribute with "Thanks are due to you for producing every week such an excellent paper. My mother and sister are also keen and interested readers." From "H.B." (Cleckheaton, Yorkshire) comes: "The paper is fine and gets better every week." "E.P.W." (Wolverhampton) says "It is without doubt the best pennyworth to be had."

To give only brief extracts from all the letters received this week from pleased correspondents would prevent me from dealing with any other subject, and as it is necessary that other matters should receive attention, I wind up with thanks to all who have sent encouraging messages.

* * *

FOUL SPOUTERS IN THE PARKS.

Whilst in no way agreeing with "J.W.D." (Sheffield), *Modern Man* records his criticism of the article "Foul Spouters in the Parks."

"May I suggest," he says, "that if there were no undesirable passages in the Bible they could not have been read to a mixed audience. Further, what difference is there between a certain person reading these passages aloud to an audience and a parson presenting the book to a child, a member of a Sunday School, as a reward for good conduct?

"The language of the Atheist lecturer, which your article describes as 'abuse, slander, obscene, etc., etc.,' was only so to the writer of the article, because the speaker was speaking against Christianity. Now, if the lecturer had been a Christian, attacking Atheism, well, the stronger the language the better he would have been liked."

* * *

WEAPONS USED BY CRIMINALS.

The mention made a week or two ago of "weapons used by Criminals," has induced another reader to send a paragraph. He says:—

Very little originality is shown by the assassin. If he does not use a pistol or a bomb he has recourse to an ordinary knife. In almost all political assassinations one of these three has been used.

The only exception was Luccheni, the anarchist who so brutally killed the unfortunate Empress of Austria at Geneva. His weapon was a file fixed in a wooden handle and ground to a keen point.

As diabolical a specimen of murderous ingenuity as ever discovered by the police was found in the possession of a Chinaman who had been working in a laundry in New Orleans.

It was a tiny stiletto, with a handle about as thick as a carpenter's pencil, and a blade four inches long, of glass, pointed as keenly as a needle. A tiny groove had been filed around the blade close to the hilt. Suppose it was driven into a man's body it would be certain to break off at the groove and leave three inches of glass deep in the flesh. What is more, the puncture would be so tiny that it would probably close up at once.

"An article given in a weekly paper under the heading of 'Railway Inquiry Office,' aired a few grievances of the clerks employed there," writes "W.A.L." (Liverpool). "These facts might have been true, but whether there is a regular inquiry office or not, I think that the place where most people go to when they require information is to the bookstall.

"Questions such as 'What time is it?' or 'What platform does such and such a train go from?' are quite common, and are asked perhaps dozens of times during a day. Even if porters are standing round people will ask.

"Then again, when people want to find a certain place or street they nearly always ask at the bookstall. One woman, after having received minute instructions how to find the place she wanted, went as far as asking 'Do you think you could spare me five or ten minutes and take me to it?' And I was in the stall by myself!

"Among the questions we have been asked during the last week or two (apart from the regular ones) are the following: "'If I go on the train without a ticket and get caught, can I be brought up for it, or only just forced to pay my fare?' 'Do you know how much they charge for a glass of beer in the first-class refreshment room next door?'"

* * *

SOME MORE GRIEVANCES.

"Another grievance of the bookstall assistant is that people seem to think the bookstall a left luggage office. It would not be so bad only they come with their large parcels, but nearly always forget the twopences. About six weeks ago the limit was reached when a woman asked if she could leave her baby for half an hour as she had forgotten something and wanted to go back home for it. [illegible] with I give [illegible]

"As a last example of what we have to put up with, the following: A man came up to the bookstall and shouted out 'Bradshaw.' The assistant who was on the counter handed him a sixpenny Bradshaw. The man threw it down and said "I don't want that thing. I want a penny one. He was told that there was no penny Bradshaw published.

"He then said 'Then find out for me what time the next train goes to Manchester.' The assistant was looking at the index to find the page when the man said. 'Hurry up, damn you, you ought to know the page by now.' He was then referred to the booking office. A few words of advice to travellers on the railway I give the following: If you want to know the time look at the clock; there is one at every railway station. If you want any information about trains inquire at the booking office. If you want to find any place or street ask a policeman. And lastly, if you have any parcels you do not want to carry about with you leave them at the left luggage office. If these few words have no more effect than to induce people to have a little [illegible] when making an inquiry at the bookstall they will amply repay 'A Bookstall Assistant.'"

* * *

SOME QUAINT FOODSTUFFS.

Last week a paragraph was given in *Modern Man* on strange eatables. An old reader has now sent me some more interesting facts on quaint food stuffs. He says:—

"The Esquimaux, for instance, are very fond of Arctic mice cooked in tallow. Divine wisdom has decreed that in intensely cold climates all men shall experience a craving for that form of food that is best suited to sustain life in those icy wastes—and that food is fat, oil, grease in every form. Whale blubber is much esteemed.

"That the Chinese eat dogs is a matter of common knowledge, but not all are aware that alligators, mice, and rats are held by them to be excellent foodstuffs. The Diggers, a tribe of Indians in California, live largely upon ants. The Turkish hold goldfish a delicacy, and in Japan a great deal of fish is eaten raw. In Java snakes are hunted for [illegible] the boa-constrictor being much appreciated.

"A number of insects may be included in the list of strange foods. Certain butterflies are eaten on the Continent, and many African peoples, like John the Baptist, subsist largely on locusts. Some kinds of large maggots and hairless caterpillars form part of the diet of not a few half-savage races."

YOUR EDITOR.

LOAFERS WHO LIVE WELL.

SOME PARASITES OF SOCIETY.

Given a limited income and unlimited check, a young man of decent appearance can in these days live like a millionaire on next to nothing a year.

London and other great capitals are the happy hunting grounds of the social parasite. A hostess at a big reception may possibly know all her guests by sight, particularly in these days of "brought" men, and it is the simplest thing in the world for a young man of the adventurer type to enter a perfectly strange house, and if he behaves discreetly he may eat a good supper, drink a few glasses of champagne, and go away with one of his unknown host's cigars between his lips.

Attending State Balls.

This is actually done every night of the season by numbers of men, some of whom do it simply for a lark, while others do it "for a living."

No house, however exalted, is safe from them. They even invade royalty's homes, and have been actually known to attend State Balls at Buckingham Palace. It was this that caused the Lord Chamberlain, four years ago, to institute the practice of sending special cards with each invitation, which had to be shown on arrival at the Palace.

Even so, a hostess suspects a lady or gentleman of being unauthorised, she is helpless. She may be quite wrong. A well known Duchess did actually accost a man whose face was quite strange to her, and ask him if he had received an invitation.

He simply bowed and withdrew. Afterwards she found out that she had practically turned out of the house one of Edmund's best friends, a man who rarely went out in society. He took mortal offence, and no apology would pacify him.

Detectives of No Use.

The device has been tried of having detectives present, but this does not answer. They cannot know everybody any more than can the hostess. On one occasion two detectives who were present at a big function did not know one another, and each approached the hostess and denounced the other.

American society is perhaps more easily humbugged than any other. A foreigner who provides himself with a title and a few forged letters of introduction can always be sure of a good time gratis, for, to do Americans justice, they are the most hospitable people that ever breathed.

Two summers ago there landed in New York a beautiful young Englishwoman, who represented herself as the "Hon. Mrs. Fox-Strangeways," daughter of Lord Ilchester. She stayed at the Waldorf-Astoria, and afterwards moved to the Park Avenue Hotel. As she appeared to be on intimate terms with the Vanderbilts and Astors, she had no difficulty in obtaining unlimited credit.

In Favour with Leaders.

Highly educated, fashionably dressed, gracious and tactful in manner, she soon obtained the good graces of all the society leaders. For eight months she lived on the fat of the land, then visited Philadelphia, and there disappeared, leaving behind her a trail of worthless cheques and unpaid bills amounting to many thousands of dollars. She cannot afford to boast. Only a year ago the manager of a smart West End hotel was victimized by a man who announced himself by the surely suspicious name of Baron de Rougemont.

He selected a suite of rooms at £10 a day, and ransacked the wine cellar for its best. He turned out to be an Italian of no particular birth or ancestry, who for years had made an adventurous living by posing as baron or count, and who had served two terms of penal servitude for bare-faced swindles.

Making Room for a Duke.

Vienna society is of the most exclusive. That everyone knows. But its exclusiveness did not save certain members from being cleverly victimised by one of these impudent swindles.

Last June twelve months the leaders of Vienna organised a wonderful masked ball. When this was over the men turned into the café chantants or music halls. Three young bloods, of noble birth, typical men-about-town who certainly considered themselves the sort that no one could dupe, entered a private box when the proprietor, a woman, came in, almost in tears.

She had been ordered by telephone to reserve the box for the Duke of Leuchtenburg, who had just arrived from St. Petersburg. No, she would not ask them to leave the box. Would they admit the Duke?

Of course they would. The Duke was known as the heaviest swell in Europe. Admit him—only too pleased!

There entered a magnificent person in a fur coat. He was very gracious, witty, well educated, and they all got on excellently. He ordered champagne, and they had a delightful night. At the end of the performance the bill was brought—a trifle of £12.

"I pay this," remarked the Duke, and from a russia leather pocket book took out a thousand rouble note.

Deciding on a Memento.

Russian money is not current in Austria. The waiter regretted he could not change it. Naturally, the Duke's three friends were only too pleased to arrange matters. The Duke eventually consented, but declared that they must accept some memento of the jolly night. Eventually he decided that he would have his initials set in diamonds on their gold cigarette cases. These they handed over, and—perhaps it is hardly necessary to say that it was the last they ever saw of the cases or the Duke.

From the colossal swindler of the Madame Humbert type, who deals in millions, down to the hotel "snitcher" who gets his meals on credit and writes begging letters on hotel note paper, the great cities are full of the social parasite.

Something for Nothing.

Many of them are folk whose natural abilities are amply sufficient to earn them a good living in any honest career, but they all have the peculiarity of being as absolutely work-shy as the veriest tramp, and their entire object in life seems to be to expend their ingenuity in obtaining something for nothing.

STAGE MASCOTS.

The belief in his lucky aura that led the management of "The Glad Eye" to secure the services, as mascot, of Mr. A. Molony in exchange for one cigar a night, which he must smoke outside the Apollo Theatre, has recalled several other instances of curious superstitions of the stage.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt wears a grim little mascot, without which she never appears before the public. It is a tiny jewelled skull which was once in the possession of the great Rachel. Mme. Blanche Tontain always wears an amulet given to her in Rome, and Mlle. Henriette Roggers is superstitious while flouting general superstition, for she never plays a part without wearing an opal ring.

A little leather purse containing nothing but the degree appointing him director of the Odéon is always carried by M. Antoine, the French actor, who firmly believes that ill-luck would attend him were it not about his person. M. Samuel, the director of the Variétés, wears a straw hat, whether it be wet or fine. The reason is that on the day that "Veine" was performed for the first time he was wearing a straw hat, which, believing that the piece would have only a short run, he said he would continue to wear until it terminated. The play ran for 300 nights, and M. Samuel, having used his straw hat for nearly a year, has never since been without one.

* * *

After the amateur gardener takes a look at his cabbages and tomatoes he loses faith in the theory that the early bird catches the worm.

* * *

"UP THE POLE."

Bliggs: Don't you find Soaker a very unget-at-able person?"

Blaggs: "No. Why do you ask?"

Bliggs: "Well every time I see him he's generally 'up the pole.'"

Gems for the Modern Woman.

One of the most difficult journeys ever attempted by a woman has been accomplished at Alaska by Miss Dora Keen, a well-known society woman in Philadelphia.

She walked across the Skelai Pass and the famous White Pass and travelled thousands of miles through a wilderness never seen before by a white woman and rarely by a white man.

* * *

Reading-room Manners.

Some hard things have been said by librarians against the ethics of women who utilise the reading-room. The public librarian at Luton says that the mutilation and theft of periodicals are infrequent, except in the women's room.

Inquiry at Chelsea Public Library showed that a room for ladies was set aside some years ago, but owing to the privilege being sadly abused it was closed. Here the complaint was, not that periodicals disappeared or were cut, but that the ladies held afternoon gossips there, and even turned the place into a dressing-room, "where they unblushingly changed their apparel."

The ladies' room had to be abolished at Southwark because the occupants used to gossip and even sleep there, in addition to which journals were frequently missing.

Disgusting! What a pity!

* * *

Daughter: Oh, but men are so hideously lacking in self-control!

Mother: Don't get feverish about it, dear. If they weren't most girls would die old maids.

* * *

Where Quarrels are Unknown.

Mr. Bilhjalmur Stefansson, one of the leaders of the Anglo-American Expedition to the Arctic seas, claims to have discovered a long-lost European tribe in Far Northern Canada.

In a letter dated from Shingle Point, Arctic Ocean, Stefansson says:

"The great majority of the marriages seem to be temporary. If they last beyond the year the chances are they will become permanent, for divorces after more than a year are rare—except where women have left native husbands (usually by the husband's consent) to become 'wives' of white men.

"The habit of lending wives is about confined to those who have two wives—and there never were many of these in any village. Three wives at one time is the greatest number I have heard of, and that was when men, now middle-aged, were boys. Exchange of wives is still practised, but only among close friends. . . .

"The line of division of labour is not always clear. Both sexes row boats and some women hunt deer with the rifle. Both tend fish nets. When there is plenty of time the women both cook and make clothes, but men often cook when the women are otherwise engaged, and often mend their own clothes for a similar reason. I have never seen any thing approaching a quarrel between a man and his wife."

* * *

Many a woman thinks she has an ideal husband. She will be well advised, however, to keep her eye on the ideal.

* * *

Hubby's First Shot.

They had been married just a year, and, of course, they were more brutally candid with each other than in the days they were courting. It was a great pity, of course, but it was the truth.

"I have just been reading an article in this morning's paper," said Mrs. Blank, "and it is entitled 'Much in Little.' It was all about ——"

Mr. Blank guessed what was coming. She was about to preach him a sermon upon one of his pet failings, and he realised that he must get in the first shot, or he was lost.

"Oh, yes," he said, calmly, looking at her small feet; "it was all about tight shoes, wasn't it?"

Sporty Grandma.

Some Pointed Queries.

(1) What would the militant suffragette, who is a mother, do, if her child used her (the mother's) tactics to obtain its youthful desires?

(2) Would this same mother consider it wise to mitigate the child's punishment because it still continued to be unruly?

(3) Isn't it an absolute moral essential that a child should be able to take its mother for an example to copy?

(4) Would the militant suffragette mother uphold the offence of a child who smashed a shopkeeper's window in return for the refusal of a pennyworth of chocolate without the penny?

(5) Would the eugenist consider a window-smashing suffragette eligible to be a mother?

(6) Why are so many of this class of vote-wanting women married?

* * *

Why They Laughed.

An amusing incident happened in one of the principal squares before the station at Zurich. A well-dressed young woman, wearing high-heeled boots, was crossing the street when her heel became caught in a tramway line where several branch lines cross.

A crowd collected round the struggling girl, and the cars stopped while a gendarme vainly tried to free the boot which the girl indignantly refused to take off. As more tramcars were delayed and the crowd increased, a gendarme cut the bootlace and pulled out the little foot, and then the crowd became hilarious—the silk stocking was full of holes.

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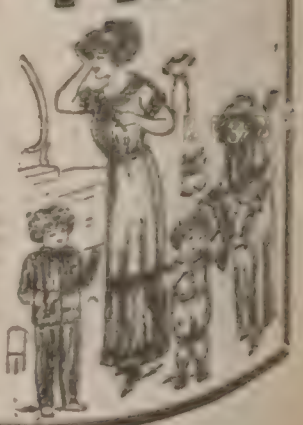


WHAT'S ON AT THE SEASIDE.

USEFUL HINTS TO PLEASURE-SEEKERS.

HASTINGS.

Hastings, the premier Cinque Porte, is now looking forward to its celebrated Cricket Week, which in September adds considerably to the gaiety of this most popular Sussex resort. Not that there is any lack of attractions in Hastings.

To begin with, there is the ever-popular pier—900 feet long, and 48 wide, at the sea-end of which a pavilion, accommodating two thousand auditors, is the venue of concerts and theatrical entertainments.

Sacred concerts are given on Sundays. Together with sister town of St. Leonards, this popular resort has an unbroken sea-front of three miles. The roadway is separated from the beach by a wide promenade, than which there is no finer in these islands, even at Brighton. Hastings possesses great facilities for bathing and that of the "mixed" variety is permitted by an enlightened municipality.

At the Gaiety Theatre some of the best touring companies are to be seen. The remains of Hastings Castle, and St. Clement's Caves attract those of soberer tastes, while Fairlight Glen and the Lover's Seat have great natural beauty.

This popular resort can be easily reached from town; and the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway Company run a luxurious corridor train which does the journey in about an hour and forty minutes.

BRIGHTON.

What is there fresh to say about Brighton—"the most popular suburb of London," as some facetious person once called it? Its well-given title is a more imposing one; namely, "the Queen of Watering Places." The great Thackeray's eulogy of the town as "Dr." Brighton still remains as true as when it was written.

A congenial climate, with its health-giving breezes from the south-west, the absence of moisture, and the bright and lively character of the surroundings, make a stay in Brighton an ideal tonic or pick-me-up. There is an almost bewildering choice of hotels and places to stay at—at terms to suit all purses.

The Aquarium is one of the standing dishes on the entertainment menu, and there are besides the Theatre Royal and the West Pier Theatre, at both of which excellent performances are given by first-class touring companies. Those whose tastes incline to "variety" are also catered for. But perhaps the most distinctive entertainment in Brighton remains the magnificent esplanade, where at week-ends many well-known people may be seen snatching a few hours' respite from the daily round of London.

The beautiful frocks of the ladies, and the constant succession of handsome vehicles passing up and down, make up a brilliant scene unequalled anywhere else. One can reach Brighton in an hour and five minutes by the L.B. and S.C. Railway, and excursions are frequent.

PLYMOUTH.

Plymouth will always be celebrated for its Hoe, a splendid promenade overlooking the Sound and embellished by a heroic-size statue of Sir Francis Drake, who on this spot made his historic remark that there was "Time to finish the game of bowls and beat the Spaniards, too." There is also on the Hoe a beautiful monument to Prince Christian Victor and the officers and men of the Devon, Somerset, and Dorchester regiments who fell in South Africa.

Plymouth being a garrison town of considerable importance, there is always plenty of military music going on, and other musical treats are given during the season, an orchestra being specially engaged to play twice daily on the promenade pier. Noted vocalists are also engaged, and these concerts prove very popular. There are a couple of theatres, the Royal and the Grand; and a handsome variety theatre—the Palace—in Union Street.

Altogether Plymouth does not lack for amusements. Excursions to neighbouring places of interest are numerous. On alternate Wednesdays and Saturdays the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe allows the use of his beautiful park, which is quite one of the show-places of the Kingdom. This is now the season for regattas and swimming matches, at which valuable prizes are to be obtained. Fast trains can now do the journey from London in less than five hours—either by the G.W.R. or the S.W.R. systems.

GENERAL FARE.

INTERESTING PARS FROM ALL QUARTERS.

Mrs. Ann Todd, born in 1801, and locally reputed to be the oldest woman in the United Kingdom, has died in Carnmoney, near Belfast.

* * *

A Tennessee clergyman, who has married 4,000 couples in the last twenty-three years, has opened an hotel for the accommodation of elopers.

* * *

"I beg to report that I sold three pigs for £16" was an appreciated item in the workhouse master's report at a meeting of Kettering Guardians.

* * *

For what the prosecuting solicitor described as "an unprovoked assault upon a lamp-post," a fellow has been fined at the South-Western Police Court.

* * *

According to a message from Pekin, the "King-Bao," which was the oldest newspaper in the world, and was founded 1,500 years ago, has suspended publication.

* * *

Half a bottle of rum which was found in the wreck of the Royal George has been offered for sale, but bidders were few, and the souvenir of one of England's memorable naval disasters was bought in.

* * *

Jas. Harrison, father of the curator of the Maryport Cemetery, who has just celebrated his 90th birthday, is the only man living who can claim to have hunted with John Peel, the famous huntsman.

* * *

A woman in Budapest, after a discussion with her husband, shot herself with his revolver and sank down on the floor, but when her husband informed her that it was a blank cartridge she decided to divorce him.

* * *

Mr. Charles J. Elwin, of Alwyne Road, Canonbury, N., his wife, and two of his brothers and their wives have met to celebrate each of the couples' golden weddings.

* * *

The most sumptuous ball that Newport, America's most fashionable summer resort, has ever seen, has been given by Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who spent £20,000 in arranging a Louis XVI. fete for the edification of four hundred millionaire guests.

Hundreds of gorgeously coloured butterflies were freed. They were dazed by the lighting effects, and flew about aimlessly. Many were trampled to death, while others were caught by the guests and kept as souvenirs.

* * *

"Nanky-Poo," a two-year-old Chow dog that twice during the last twelve months has frustrated burglaries at offices in Noble Street, St. Martin's-le-Grand, has come to an untimely end, by eating poisoned meat used in some warehouses for destroying vermin. Once "Nanky-Poo" fastened his teeth into the leg of a burglar coming through a window, and received a blow on his nose from a "jemmy" that smashed most of his teeth.

* * *

Captain William Heatherington, aged 91, journeyed from Liverpool to Douglas a few days ago on the eighty-second anniversary of the Isle of Man Steam Packet Company. It is a unique circumstance that Captain Heatherington was a passenger on the original Mona's Isle on August 17th, 1830, and that he has thus repeated the journey eighty-two years afterwards. The captain is hale and hearty, and uses neither glasses nor a stick. In the course of his seagoing career he has been three times shipwrecked.

* * *

A new fashion of foppishness is being adopted by ultra-smart men in London. They are becoming wearers of jewellery like women. Their money is carried in tiny chain-purses of a fine gold mesh; the softest of silken collars which grace their necks are held together by brooches decorated with a pearl or twisted in a love-knot; a wrist-watch on one arm is balanced by a bangle or a close-fitting bracelet on the other arm; and quite recently a waistcoat was seen set off by a locket-pendant hanging round the wearer's neck.

Women have begun to carry sticks, so fat-headed men might (if only the weather were better) take to the tall parasol.

ENGLISH GIRLS IN DANGER.

STRAIGHT TALK ON THE MORMON PERIL.

The British public seem more awake to the dangerous spread of Mormonism in this country than do the British Government. We hear now and then—as at Stockwell and Liverpool—of Mormon meetings being broken up, and the apostles of the horrid creed making their escape ere a worse thing befel them. But up to the present no action has been taken by the authorities.

It is useless to say that nothing can be done. Mr. McKenna is said to be "considering" evidence laid before him by certain anti-Mormon bodies; but we all know that when it is given out that a Minister is "considering" certain matters in nine cases out of ten that is as far as it gets. Mr. McKenna must take decisive action without delay.

Some Amazing Figures.

People that have never come personally into contact with the insidious Mormon "missionary" have probably no conception at all of the strenuous and persistent nature of the Mormon propaganda. The heads of the movement now in England have organised it with considerable skill and thoroughness. It will probably amaze some readers to learn that in the course of *one year's* work in the United Kingdom over twenty-five thousand "conversations" were reported. As for the distribution of the so-called "literature" of the sect *thirty-six million leaflets*, and 66,722 books were disposed of. The meetings held numbered over a thousand, which means about three a day in various parts of the country.

As a London newspaper (the *Observer*, to wit) pointed out the other day: "This means that everywhere is to be found the trail of these Mormon missionaries, whether in the crowded cities and towns, or amid the peace of the countryside. A house-to-house visitation is made; no place is too grand or too humble to be omitted; while a minute record is kept concerning the inmates of each dwelling, whether they have displayed any interest in the 'truth,' and particularly any facts relating to the female members of each household."

Utah and Degradation.

Woe betide the misguided girl or woman who listens to the specious arguments of the propagandists. Degradation unspeakable, both of body and soul, is the lot of those who allow themselves to be decoyed to Utah. It is a significant fact that the missionaries do not use the word "Mormon." "Oh, no, they never mention it—its name is never heard," to adopt a once popular song.

The "Latter-Day Saints" is the fancy name that is used instead. Thus it is that many a young woman who would be scared off by the sound of Mormonism sees nothing amiss in the title of Saints which these wolves in sheeps' clothing adopt.

Teaching of Mormonism.

The whole teaching of Mormonism—and it is frankly admitted at the proper time—is that woman is an inferior being, solely created for man's use and pleasure.

Thus, even if some deluded girl consents to become the mistress—or "plural wife" as they call it—of a Latter Day Saint, her existence is very different from that which perhaps she has pictured it. No "guilty splendour" for her! The guilt is there, but no splendour. She becomes a chattel, a slave—doing the most menial work, and waiting upon her possessor hand and foot.

Her little belongings are taken from her and divided amongst her tyrant's household. Often the principal "wife" will take a fancy to the *trousseau* provided by the deluded victim, and flaunt about in it, while the despoiled one has to wear any outworn garments that the rest of the harem has no further use for.

The Lash Resorted to.

At times, should she show any spirit, or evince any resentment at the ill-treatment received, the lash is resorted to, and the poor deluded creature beaten like the inferior animal which, according to the Mormon idea, she is. Bitterly, bitterly, has many a bright young English girl repented of having parted with character and reputation to receive in return—what? Blows, ill-usage, and menial drudgery.

Some people will tell one that polygamy is abolished in Utah. This is a lie. It is true that a manifesto issued by the Church in 1896 denounced the practice of plural wives, but this was simply an official pronouncement intended to soothe the susceptibilities of the United States authorities. In reality, polygamy is just as rife as ever it was.

While recognising that the British public seems more awake to the dangers of Mormonism than the Government, there is no getting away from the fact that ministers of the gospel have been very slow to act.

They recognise the gravity of the question, yet so far no real concerted effort has been made to grapple with it. Surely if they sincerely believe that Mormonism strikes a deadly blow at the safety of English girls there should be whole-hearted co-operation to bring as much pressure as possible to bear upon Parliament to take drastic action.

To daily is fatal. The motto must be "Do it Now" and if the ministers won't then MODERN MAN must appeal for other help.

KING AND HIS AUTOGRAPH.

A story of how the King of Bulgaria, who was recently staying at the Hungarian spa Postyen, surrendered to a little boy the incognito which he had jealously preserved before everyone else has come to public knowledge.

The King had arrived at the hotel under the name of "Count von Murany." Although he was recognised by the hotel officials and by many of the guests, no one dared to show the fact openly. In the hotel, however, were a lady and her seven-year-old son, the latter an active collector of autographs.

Hearing the stories in the hotel about the identity of the new guest, and undeterred by etiquette, the boy waited in the hall until "Count von Murany" next passed through, and then, going up to him with his book, said, "Please, count, will you write your real name in here? Not your count-name but your King-name. I have got a lot of signatures already, but I should like very much to have that of a King too."

"Well," replied the "count," "we must see what can be done," and taking the book away with him the King returned it back a few minutes later by the hand of an equerry with his royal signature written formally and without disguise.

On the morning of the King's departure the boy showed his gratitude by presenting a bouquet of flowers which he had picked himself. In return he received a few days later a souvenir in the form of a pair of gold sleeve-links bearing the King's monogram.

* * *

VANISHED INTO SPACE.

A sturdy tramp one day went into a suburban garden, where the lady of the house was engaged in attending to the flowers. He took no notice of her refusal to give coppers, but continued his importunity until a bull dog appeared, growling ominously. The lady seized it by the collar and held it, calling out:

"You had better go away at once; he may bite you."

"You ain't got no right to keep a savage dorg like that," replied the tramp in outraged tones.

"Perhaps I have not," was the cool answer. "If you think so, I won't keep him—I'll let him go."

The latch of the gate clicked violently, and in twenty seconds that tramp had vanished into space.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PITHY PARS AND ANECDOTES.

Although most of his honours are Irish, Lord Granard is descended from a very old Scottish house, as the name of Forbes indicates. As a matter of fact, he has the blood of the Royal house in his veins, his ancestor, Sir Alexander Forbes having married a grand-daughter of King James III.

Sir Walter Scott has told a curious story about the eldest son of the sixth Earl of Granard. He was asleep in his room at Castle Forbes when awakened by a sense of suffocation which deprived him of the power of moving a limb, but left him the consciousness that the house was on fire. At this moment, and when his apartment was actually in flames, his large dog jumped on the bed, seized his shirt, and dragged him to the staircase, where the fresh air restored his power of existence and enabled him to make good his escape in the nick of time.

* * *

WHEN A PRINCESS SHIVERED.

The Grand old Man of Monarchs, Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, has celebrated his eighty-second birthday. A good story is told of him, and the part he played was an opera cloak.

A certain Princess X was the star of Vienna during two or three seasons. Her features were not in strict accordance with the classic line of beauty, but her neck and shoulders were faultless—only one saw too much of them. One evening, at a Court ball, the Princess's corsage was so meagre that she complained of cold and shivered, and as she passed the Emperor she shrugged her lovely shoulders completely out of the lilliputian corsage, saying, "I am so cold, b-r-r-r!" The Emperor beckoned to one of the equerries-in-waiting, and gave him an order. In a few seconds he reappeared with the Princess's opera cloak, which the Emperor took from him, and quietly placed on the shoulders of the fair Princess.

* * *

DISTINGUISHED MARQUIS'S BRIDE.

The Marquis of Exeter is a lineal descendant of the Lord of Burgheley, immortalised by Tennyson, who, wandering through Shropshire in the guise of a landscape painter, wooed and won a simple village maiden named Sarah Hoggins.

He had been previously married to Emma Vernon, the daughter of a Worcestershire squire, but the union was not a happy one, and after fourteen years of matrimonial strife his lordship obtained a divorce, and in the same year (1791) he married his rustic sweetheart and bore her off to Burgheley House, Stamford.

The first baron in the family was Secretary of State to Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, and also her Lord High Treasurer.

* * *

SEQUEL TO A SUGGESTION.

It has been said that Mr. Charles Frohman can see a play in anything—even in a door-knocker. Certainly on one occasion a phrase suggested one to him. A Chicago journalist wrote him:—"Dear Sir,—Why couldn't a play be written round 'Curfew shall not ring to-night?'"

Mr. Frohman saw the thing in a flash, and wrote back: "Dear Sir,—An excellent idea. Come and see me."

Two days later he got a wire from Chicago: "Can't come. If used, send me five hundred dollars."

A cheque was forthwith made out and sent. Meanwhile, David Belasco was called in, and the play, "The Heart of Maryland," was written, which was no less popular in America than in London.

* * *

FAMOUS EXPLORER'S CLEAN SHAVE.

It would appear that Capt. Amundsen was ashamed rather than proud of his splendid achievement of discovering the South Pole. He did not even tell his brother he was returning to Christiania, and before doing so shaved off his beard and assumed another name.

A friend penetrated the disguise, but Amundsen escaped recognition by boarding a tramway-car, and when he visited King Haakon he left the palace by a secret door.

Captain Amundsen will commence his lecture tour next month. He will start in Berlin, and then visit Austria, Switzerland, Rome, Paris, and—at the beginning of next year—London.

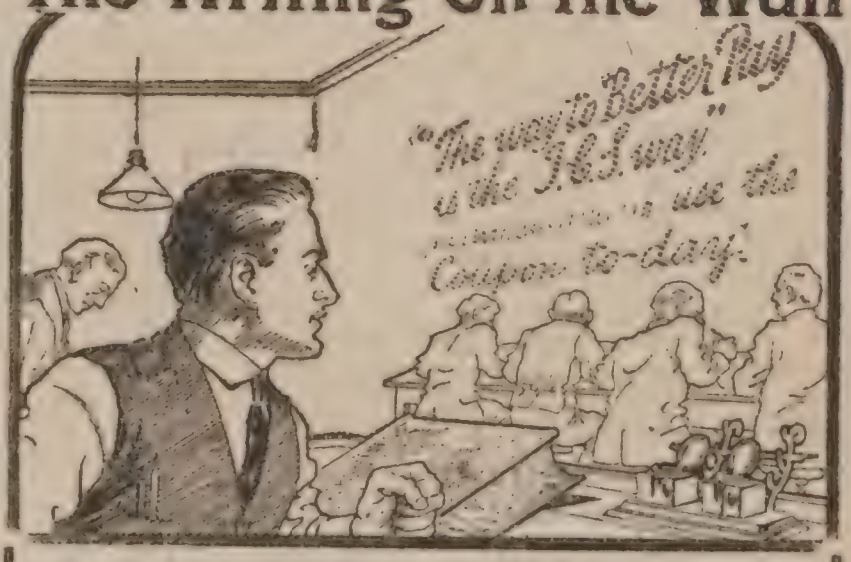
HANWAY AND HIS GAMP.

The bicentenary of the birth of Jonas Hanway, the man to whom this country mainly owes the introduction of the umbrella, occurs this month.

The sunshade—forerunner of the modern umbrella—was in fashion at a very early date in history; its sculptured remains are found on the Tomb of Thebes, and mention is made of it in Chinese records as early as B.C.1100, and in India and throughout the East generally it has been regarded from time immemorial as an emblem of sovereignty. In Burma the privilege of using it was confined to the King and the White Elephant, and it played an important part in the Durbar ceremonies last December.

Although Hanway was the first to introduce the umbrella into England, somewhere about 1756, for the use of the individual man in the streets of London, prior to that date it was found in the halls of the wealthy, and used by servants to shelter guests as they passed to and from their chairs on wet nights. Coffee houses kept umbrellas, occasionally lending them to customers, but on the whole they were looked upon as rather feminine appendages, and when Hanway, greatly daring, carried one aloft through the streets of London, he became the object of a storm of chaff at the hands of apprentices, whilst chairmen and hackney carriage drivers, naturally enough, were loud in their abuse of the innovation.

The Writing on the Wall



If you are dissatisfied with your present work—
your present rate of pay—

If you want to improve your position—
Then "The Writing on the Wall" means something for you.—

But without investigation you will not be a step further towards materialising your ideals.—

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Rapid Physical Development

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Reviving the Apparently Drowned.

The resuscitation of the apparently drowned may not at first sight appear to come within the scope of physical development, but I think you will see on reflection that it does.

The process of attempting to revive an apparently drowned man may have to be continued for several hours, and if you are alone your stamina and to a great extent your muscular strength will be severely taxed.

Moreover, the operator's movements call for strength and suppleness in particular muscles, more especially those of the hands, arms, and back.

I suggest, therefore, that with the aid of a pal you should practise the system of resuscitation here described, not only with a view to eventualities, but as a useful physical exercise.

The system here detailed is known as the Schäfer method, and while it has its rivals it is very widely employed, and has the official approval of the Royal Life Saving Society.

When a person has been brought out of the water and no sign of life can be observed he should be immediately turned face downwards on the ground or floor, with his arms bent at the sides of his head, and his legs close together. The head should be turned slightly to one side, so that the water can run out of his mouth, and his nose and mouth are clear of the ground.

Steady Downward Pressure.

Now kneel at the side of the patient, your knees being about in line with his buttocks, and place both hands flat in the small of his back, the thumbs straight and almost touching, fingers spread out on each side of the body so that they cover the lowest ribs.

Lean forward over the patient, and produce a firm steady downward pressure, being careful, however, to use no violence and not to press spasmodically or jerkily.

Next release all pressure by swinging your body backwards, but without lifting your hands from the patient. Then repeat the alternate pressure and relaxation of pressure at the rate of about fifteen movements a minute, not making any marked pause between them.

The moment natural breathing is established the patient should be turned face upwards, and now it becomes a matter of promoting circulation and warmth. The main point here is to rub the limbs upwards until dry clothing, blankets, hot flannels, hot bricks, hot water bottles, etc., can be procured or the patient taken to them.

Best Drink.

Hot flannels, etc., should be applied to the pit of the stomach, the armpits, thighs and soles of the feet.

When the patient can swallow the best drink for him is a little warm water, warm brandy and water, or coffee given at short intervals.

In all cases of apparent drowning a medical man should be sent for as soon as possible, and the attempts to promote artificial breathing should not be abandoned until the doctor has pronounced them hopeless.

As will be seen, the resuscitation movements are perfectly simple, but long continued they call for considerable endurance and muscularity, apart from patience and determination not to be beaten.

The fitter you are the better your chance of plucking back the apparently drowned from the very jaws of death.

The Masculine Frame.

I am sorry that this week I am unable to give a chart of the masculine frame, but it will appear in a later number.

Answers to Correspondents.

H.H. (Crouch Hill) asks me to give some special exercises for promoting digestion. I shall be glad to do so shortly. Meanwhile, as my correspondent justly surmises, bending exercises are particularly good for the digestive organs. This is why bowls and billiards are very good games for men who live sedentary lives and are past strenuous games.

The best natural exercise for keeping the digestion in order is walking, say, at least [illegible] miles a day.

SILAM (Anerley).—The system appears to be worth a fair trial, but in saying this I cannot guarantee that it will be successful.

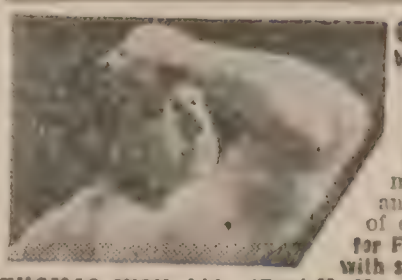
R.I. (Liverpool).—I know doctors say that the early morning cup of tea is bad for the digestion, but I think that if you take it weak and with a biscuit or two it does no material harm. Anyway, I know I could not "live" without it.

R.D. (Chelmsford).—The recurrent stiffness about the ankles is probably due to uric acid. Get a chemist to make you a lithia mixture, and keep off wines and malt liquors. If this does no good consult a doctor.

D.K.M. (Brixton).—"Natal Sores" are a species of ulcer which is cured in one part of the body only to break out in another. It is caused by a microbe in dirt and dust which gains a foothold through any cut or abrasion of the skin.

D.K.M.—who is going to Natal—need not, however, be alarmed. I have known men who have lived there for years and years and never had "Natal Sores." The great thing is to keep fit and avoid getting dirt or dust into cuts, etc.

S.J. (Bedford Park).—"606" (salvarsan) is so named because 606 experiments were performed before the right formula was discovered. Arsenic enters largely into its composition.



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"MODERN MAN" and SELF-RELIANCE.

In his "Answers to Correspondents" in last week's issue, the "Modern Man," Physical Culture Expert writes:—"WEAK (Blackpool).—Your failure is evidently due to lack of self-reliance. The course taught by the St. Settef Institute (Dept. M.), Perth, N.B., will give you self-control and confidence in yourself."

BE SELF-RELIANT. The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture "teaches" how to develop your Self-Control and CONTROL OF OTHERS, and will raise you in the estimation of the men and women you meet. The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only 2/6 (foreign postage 6d. extra). THIS IS YOUR TOTAL EXPENDITURE. Course sent in plain sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress.

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MOTOR AND PEDAL CYCLING;

SOME BARGAINS IN OUR EXCHANGE.

The only stipulation which *Modern Man* makes in connection with its free Exchange Bureau, arranged for the exchange, sale and purchase of motor and pedal cycles, is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed in the next column.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

AMATEURS AND THEIR CRITICS.

There is a growing tendency amongst the trade generally to accuse of sailing under false colours those amateurs who receive from accessory makers, either gratuitously or at a considerable discount, various articles for use in trials or competitions, and some very bitter things are said concerning them in trade circles.

That there is a distinction between this class of competitor and the pure amateur who purchases and pays the full price for his outfit, I admit, but this does not warrant the disparaging cognomen of "Shamateurs" which the trade is endeavouring to fix on them.

One thing is certain: they are thorough sportsmen, otherwise they would not be found amongst competitors for events that, in addition to severely testing the various accessories they gratuitously obtain, call for no small amount of skill, nerve, and physical endurance on the part of the riders.

Probably tyres are the principal accessory that is in greatest request under these conditions, and it seems to me that by taking advantage of such an offer the amateur is simply placing his chances of success on an equal footing with that of the trade rider, whose equipment is always of the best down to the smallest detail.

Taxation Grievance.

There are rumours of a growing agitation against the present system of taxing motor cycles, and this grumble is not without justification.

Against the tax as a tax, I do not propose to argue, and after all, £1 per year is not a large amount to pay for the manifold pleasures of motor cycling, although if the amount of the tax is based upon an estimate of the amount of damage done to the road, £1 is far too much in comparison to the 15s. paid for a two-wheeled cart, the steel tyres of which do more damage to the road, to say nothing of the horse's shoes.

The taxation should be on a sliding scale, in which the weight and value should be taken into account, for it is obviously unfair that the cyclist who has invested a modest £10 in a three or four-year-old machine should have to pay as much as the owner of a £70 turnout.

The Six Days' Trial.

Despite the inclement weather, not to mention other difficulties they had to contend with, the competitors in the six days' motor cycle trial came through their ordeal very creditably, and the Auto Cycle Union will have to assign more medals than at one time seemed likely.

The result of the trial was a great triumph for the single cylinder, multi-geared motor cycle, of 3½ horse-power. The majority of the medal winners secured their awards on machines of this type, whilst quite a number of special awards went to the "singles."

It is claimed that the experiments now being undertaken with paraffin in place of petrol will prove successful, though the great difficulty of using paraffin lies in the fact that an enormous amount of carbon deposit is left; but this may be overcome if the claim of an engineer that he has invented a model in which the oil is well vaporised and deposit removed proves to be correct.

The Flying Bicycle.

I am not the only one who cannot follow the editor of the Cyclists' Touring Club *Gazette* in his belief that flying on a pedal-propelled bicycle is within the range of practical matters.

It is scarcely reasonable to compare this idea with the pneumatic tyre, or other notable cycling invention. The air-filled tyre proved itself from the first. It enabled third and fourth rate men to defeat first-raters with the greatest ease.

It is certainly true that despite its success the tyre was condemned by people who were accepted as experts; but that eccentricity was developed in the supposed interests of the trade.

Somebody has jumped 11ft. on a bicycle, and lo! we are informed that the flying bicycle is with us. One has done as much on a motor-car when ground and speed suited. Can anyone believe seriously that a man can pedal fast enough to keep a cycle in the air, or that, if he could, he would be able to keep on doing so for an appreciable time? I do not think so.

A. R. W.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Puch, two 3½-h.p., and two 2-h.p., quite new, magnificent motor bicycles. Made by the old-established Puch Co. The usual cash price of these machines is £48 and £36 respectively, but will accept specially low price for immediate sale. Rare opportunity.—Write or call Ladbroke Road Motor Works, 91, Ladbroke Road, London, W.

Bradbury, 1911½, 3½-h.p., perfect running order and condition; splendid climber. £30, offers.—Box 30, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C.

Peugeot, 5-h.p., twin, and Millford sidecar; B. and B., perfect order; must sell; £18.—Dyer, 39, Woodside Road, Plaistow.

F.N., 2¾-h.p., splendid running order; new tyres. First £15 secures.—H. Sundison, 10, Bellevue Road, New Southgate, N.

Ariel, 3½-h.p., B. and B., M.O.V.; extremely low; lamp, horn; £15, or exchange lightweight.—87, Skipton Road, Colne, Lancs.

Enfield, 1912, 2¾-h.p. two-speed free engine; all spares. £41.—Motor Box 31, "Modern Man," (as above).

N.S.U., 3½-h.p., two-speeds, free engine, magneto, good order, new tyres. Nearest £15.—Harry Wiles, 43, Grosvenor Road, Aldershot.

Enfield, 1912, 6-h.p., and sidecar. £75, or take pedal cycle part exchange.—Motor Box 32, "Modern Man" (as above).

Minerva, 2-h.p., M.O.V., new tyres. £8.—Motor Box 33, "Modern Man" (as above).

Motor cycle, Farner-Raleigh, 3-h-p- H.B.C., B.B. Carb; tyres perfect; new belt; perfect running order. £12, bargain.—Turner, 141, First Avenue, Manor Park.

Wehner, 5-h.p., with side-car; just overhauled; in perfect running order; simple to handle; strong and reliable. £20 absolute Bargain.—Motor Box 34, "Modern Man" (as above.)

Rex, 4-h.p., free engine, Bosch, spares. £24, or nearest offer; bargain.—L. Hayward, 32, King Edward Road, Coventry.

Enfield, 1911½, 2¾-h.p., two-speed, F.E. footboards; splendid order.—Offers to Motor Box No. 35, "Modern Man" (as above).

CYCLES.

Royal Enfield.—Gent's, splendid condition. £2 15s.—Call after 8, or write 41, Stapleton Road, Balham, S.W.

Wearwell.—Gent's, Wolverhampton make; large frame, free wheel, two brakes. Sell £3.—Cycle Box 10, "Modern Man" (as above).

Rudge.—Lady's; good condition; £2 10s.—E. M. Hutcheon, 24, Devonport Street, Stepney, E.

All-Black Sunbeam.—Been used very little; speed gear.—Offers to Cycle Box 11, "Modern Man" (as above).

Gent's push pike, known make, Eadie hub; good condition; £2; low built.—Cycle Box 12, "Modern Man," (as above).

Cycle, 22 in. frame and fittings complete with handlebars; good make. 30s.—Cycle Box 13, "Modern Man" (as above).

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

COUPON.

Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

_____

_____

_____

Name and Address _____

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

We are at the end of another account, and business generally has been better, markets all round showing a much firmer front.

* * *

Those who are in want of a good investment security in which the risk of depreciation is minimised I should recommend New Zealand 3½ debentures at 99¼, Queensland 3¾ per cent. Loan at 96, and Southern Nigerian 4 per cent. bonds at 101⅝; all of these are thoroughly well secured and give a yield of 4 per cent. or a little more.

*

Consols are still on the up grade, but when investments can be obtained such as I have suggested, I fear the improvement in our Premier Security will not be maintained, especially as there is every probability of the Bank rate being increased in the near future.

* * *

Readers who took my advice on Home Rails have made money. The market is very sound, and now that traffic returns are more than making up lost ground we can look for a substantial advance in prices.

* * *

I cannot do better than to again recommend my readers to purchase Great Eastern, South Eastern def., Districts and Great Northern def. These stocks will all see higher prices.

* * *

I still advise readers to steer clear of Mexican Railway Ord.; instead take a hand in Grand Trunk Third Pref., which are destined for a much higher quotation.

* * *

I am glad to learn a lot of my readers have already purchased Exploring Land and Mineral 5s. shares, and as I have been inundated with enquiries from readers for more information about this company I give a few facts below.

* * *

The capital of the company is £375,000, divided into 1,500,000 shares of 5s. each.

* * *

The present quotation for these shares is about 6s.

* * *

Land in Rhodesia is appreciating in value every month, and the Exploring Land and Mineral Company owns some nine hundred and forty-five square miles carrying mineral rights.

* * *

Readers can judge for themselves what a tremendous future there is for this company.

* * *

Now is your opportunity to get in on the ground floor, and this is why I so strongly recommend the shares.

* * *

The majority of the shares in the Kaffir and Rhodesian market are best left alone, but Exploring Land and Minerals are a good exception.

* * *

Buy now; and if you want the name of a reliable broker drop me a line.

* * *

Rubbers are still a good market, and as the price of the raw material at last weeks' auction rose to 5s. 1½d. per pound for hard Para, prices are sure to go higher. Do not forget my tip about Chersonese.

* * *

Many readers have written to thank me for my advice about Oils. I shall be only too pleased to help others to steer clear of the stumer companies in this as in other markets.

* * *

I am out to make money for readers of *Modern Man*, and they can make it in the Oil market, as the boom has got to come.

* * *

A cheap share for the small investor is North Caucasian Oilfields at about 3s., but if you will let me know the amount you want to invest I will advise you accordingly.

* * *

My words have come true about Anglo-Continental. I said they would again become the gambling counter of the Tin market. Since I first mentioned them they have appreciated 10s. per share, but I still say they are too dangerous for the outsider to meddle with.

* * *

The others I have recommended for safety and higher prices have responded, especially Rayfield, which is the company of the future among Nigerian Tins. Among the smaller priced ones good for a rise are Jos, Lucky Chance, Naraguta, N. Nigeria Bauchi and Nigerian Tin Corporation.

* * *

Keep your eye on the ordinary shares of the National Steam Car Co.

* * *

I advised one of my readers the other day to buy Amalgamated Press Ordinary at £6½. They have since risen to £7.

* * *

Among Diamond shares De Beers are especially good on the prospects of an increased dividend, which they should easily be able to pay.

* * *

Associated Cement have improved since the last carry over and are still worth picking up. Now the labour trouble is over the company should be able to get to work again in real earnest.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

R.M. (Fife).—The shares you mention are too speculative for you to have anything to do with. Buy a few Maikop Pipe Line; they are £1 shares, present price about 13s.

J.H. (Peckham).—Buy 100 Exploring Land and Mineral 5s. shares, also 50 North Caucasian Oilfields at about 3s. Do not sell your Amalgamated Press Ordinary.

K.B. (Birmingham).—If you will send me the policy I will advise you if it is alright.

S.E. (Beckenham).—The Prudential is quite safe.

A.R. (Leeds).—All oil shares are likely to go higher. If you will let me know how much you want to invest, I will then write you which to buy.

M.E. (Willesden).—Do not have anything to do with outside brokers—you are sure to lose your money.

Harry (Clapham).—Hold your Grand Trunk Third and Districts, but sell the others.

E.F. (Dulwich).—Send me all the circulars and correspondence and I will then advise you how to act.

C.G. (Mitcham).—I refer you to another part of this page for particulars of Exploring Land and Minerals. If you require any further information, write again.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE.
(43rd Edition.)
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
44, BANK STREET, MANCHESTER.

WE WANT MEN.
We want to hear from really First-Class men who are capable of occupying responsible positions—Ambitious, Energetic Men of More than Average Ability, who desire to get into positions where their Special Capabilities will be fully utilised and properly paid for. We have large numbers of positions open for such men. If you think you are one of the men we seek—write us to-day.
HAPGOODS Ltd. 167-168, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

WHY PAY RENT?
The City Life Assurance Co., Ltd.,
under its popular IDEAL POLICY PLAN, which combines House Purchase with Life Assurance, can help you to purchase a house of your own.
Write to-day for Booklet: "How to BUY A HOUSE in the Right Way," which will be sent free. Active Agents wanted. Excellent Prospects.
Address—6, PAUL ST., FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.
M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

OLD ASH.—Try scrubbing with warm water and soap. As this may sound like a reflection on our correspondent's personal habits, we hasten to add that the treatment applies to an old and valued ash-stick which has become dirty. A pinch of soda might be advantageously added to the water.

C.W.M. (Bromley).—Apply to the Secretary, Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London, W.C. Your brother, as an ex-soldier, should have a good chance.

A.P. (East Croydon).—Certainly there is an air division of the Army. Better write to the Commandant, Royal Balloon Factory, Aldershot.

GOAL (Dulwich).—There are six occasions at Soccer when though the ball may have entered the net, no goal is scored:—(*a*) When it goes through direct from a corner kick; (*b*) from an ordinary free kick, given for minor irregularities, such as the goalkeeper carrying the ball (N.B.—This applies to the ball going in direct without touching anyone); (*c*) and (*d*) from goal-kick or kick-off; (*e*) when the ball goes through before the referee has time to whistle for a previous foul, more especially by the scorer or one of his side; (*f*) when handled by an attacker before going through or when thrown in from touch. N.B.—It is no goal if a defender *throws* the ball through his own goal, or if, when a kick-off is taken, the wind blows the ball back into the defenders' goal.

J.S.C. (Frinton-on-Sea).—Card debts as a rule are either settled across the table or within twenty-four hours. At some regular card-playing clubs, however, settlements are made weekly.

MRS. H.L. (Upper Norwood).—Ladies in high society do not have their "At Home" day printed on their visiting cards. It is entirely a middle-class fashion.

DUETSO.—"Modern Man" can be sent to you at Ostend for 1½d. per copy, post free.

C.D.E. (Folkestone).—No, we do not think the house agent overcharged you for letting your house furnished. Houses are usually let in guineas and the agent takes the shillings, plus 10s. for drawing up the agreement, and half-a-crown or so stamp duty.

F.H. (Canterbury).—The fact that you were married under an assumed name does not necessarily invalidate the marriage—but what a naughty boy!

FLOSSIE (South Kensington) regards the sentences on the Dublin Suffragettes as outrageous. Sorry to contradict a lady, but we don't.

P.C.W. (Broadstairs.)—An Army bandmaster, unless given an honorary commission as lieutenant, is a Warrant Officer. As such he is junior to the Sergeant-Major of his regiment.

TOM (Brondesbury) asks us to recommend seaside apartments where there will be no "extras," no landlady's "cat," feather beds, plenty of hot water, first-rate cooking, and liberty to come and go as he likes. If we knew of such a place, we should keep it mighty dark.

J.A. (York).—No, no, no! A working man may play as an amateur at Rugby but may not play for a club that employs him in his working capacity

T.J. (Cardiff).—The Director of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children is Mr. Robert J. Parr, and a jolly good one too. The Society's offices, which are open day *and* night, are in Leicester Square, W.C.

ALEC (Coventry).—We believe that an expert cinematograph operator can make about £3 per week, exclusive of liberal expenses. You might try Messrs. Pathé Freres, Ltd., Charing Cross Road, W.C.

W.H.W. (Wembley Park).—A boxer may be "down" though still on both feet, if any other part of his person—for example, his hands—is touching the boards.

C.C. (Brighton).—Recruits are wanted for the Royal Marines, and it is a fine service.

"BOOKS."—Write to W. and G. Foyle, 135, Charing Cross Road, W.C., and state exactly the character of book you require.

THE REGIMENTAL ANANIAS.

When the cholera was raging in India every soldier who carried a corpse to the mortuary received a rupee for his trouble.

One morning two chums were talking of how they would raise the price of a drink for canteen-opening, when one exclaimed, "I've got it!" And off he rushed to one of the tents and picked up a poor chap that was nearly gone and started to carry him off to the mortuary.

On the way he met the military surgeon, who exclaimed, "I see you have got another, Tim O'Brien."

"Yiss, sorr," said Tim.

"No, sir," plaintively muttered the supposed dead man; "I'm not dead yet."

"Don't believe him, sorr," urged Timothy; "he's the biggest liar in the blissed regiment!"

SPORTING MIXTURE.

FROM A NUMBER OF SOURCES.

"She (a racehorse) began slowly," we read. But She's only young yet.

* * *

James Braid put up a new record for the Tenby golf course last week, going round in 73.

* * *

Sour Plum failed to win a race last week when favourite, and his backers looked as though they'd swallowed one.

* * *

A ball played by a golfer on the Weston-super-Mare links struck a skylark in flight, cutting the bird's head off. Next, Please!

* * *

The alleged new card game, "Coon Can," is an old game under another name, and it is possible to lose a lot of money at it. We suppose a Coon can.

* * *

David Billington broke his own record for a 1,000-yds. swim at Ramsey last week, covering the distance in 13 mins. 2-5 secs.; 26 secs. faster than his previous best.

* * *

Mr. Leopold Loewenthal, of Brighton, aged 90, claims to be the oldest swimmer in the world. He dives off the West Pier every morning and swims with astonishing vigour.

* * *

Eleven veteran cricketers at Yarmouth, wearing tall hats as in the olden style, have played a match against twenty ladies, and were defeated by 116 to 103. The senior player was Mr. B. S. Taylor, aged 84.

* * *

Probably the largest grouse bag obtained by any grouse-shooting party in Great Britain so far this season is one of 556 brace, which Captain Laycock's party of six guns carried off on Keldgreen Moors, Swalesdale, North Yorkshire.

ON SUCH A NIGHT.

Brown had the habit of looking upon the wine when it was red. And the mixture of red in Brown had the usual effect. The organ upon which purblind persons balance opticians' glazed goods displayed a decorative scheme that could have been acquired only by long residence in the vineyard. This and intervening lamp-posts had been the means of guiding his faltering footsteps home on many a dark and stormy night.

A short while ago he reached his little demesne in that state which is vulgarly yet expressively known as "canned" just before the man with the other "cans" had arrived. He got into bed without disturbing his splenitive spouse, but the sonority of her snores suddenly ceased, and she awoke to the fact that Brown was sitting up in bed with his umbrella over his head.

"You f—f—f—ool!" she fiffed furiously. "Do you think it's raining?"

"Not jush preshent—(hic)—m'dear. But I've been exh—(hic)—pecting a shtorm every minute for —(hic)—larsch 'af-'our."

Then all of a sudden the thunderstorm let loose its pent-up fury, and it rained incessantly for ten minutes. Now, in addition to the favourite red, Brown's colours are black and blue.

What's in your Cigarette?

You really ought to know.

The BEST safeguard is to make your own, selecting a *Good* Tobacco and rolling it in the well-known Cigarette Paper **"A.G."**

The Brand "A.G." is guaranteed pure and free from chemicals, thus ensuring a *Cool* and *More Lasting* smoke.

The special process of manufacture imparts to

"A.G." Cigarette Paper

that essential strength combined with extreme thinness which go to make up the perfect cigarette.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

THE WEEK'S RACING.

RUNNERS, THEIR FORM, AND SELECTIONS

By THE "OLD HAND."

Subscribers to this service had a remarkably good time last week, the winners sent up to the time of going to press being Nutbourne, 3-1, on Monday; Wilfrid, 3-1, on Tuesday; and Sir Raymond, 6-1, on Wednesday. The charge for this service is 5s. (five shillings) weekly, or a single message will be sent for 1s. (one shilling). To meet the convenience of readers who cannot take midday messages or have to leave home too early in the morning to receive letters, messages will be telegraphed overnight to those readers who require them.

For some time past I have been endeavouring to impress on my readers the fact that Lomond would eventually prove to be the best horse in training, and I still hold to that view. However, I am not stupid enough to think that he is a certainty for the St. Leger, and am not therefore anxious to jump in and take 2—1 which is being offered against him for that race, and I hope that none of you have done so either.

Ridiculous Price.

The price offered against him is simply ridiculous, and I shall be surprised if it is not possible to get longer odds on the day of the race. One or two horses are pretty certain to be well backed, Sweeper II. being a case in point. I know this one is improving rapidly, and his connections are quite prepared to see him reverse his collatoral form.

The Ebor handicap was at one time an eagerly awaited event, but during the last few years it has lost much of its hold on the racing public, and it excites little or no interest. Remembering the bearing this race has on the Cesarewitch, its decline in popularity is not easy to account for. King William, though he has top weight, must have a great chance on his running against Tullibardine at Ascot, where but for swerving he would not have been beaten by the length which divided them.

Fort's Chance.

Lord Derby can also be represented by Willaura, and whichever is sent to run will be well backed, and will take a lot of beating. Eton Boy has all the weight he is entitled to, even if we knew he could get the distance, which is doubtful. Martingale II. cannot have much chance against King William, who gave her 6lbs. and a five lengths beating at Ascot. Irish Marine will find no difficulty in getting the distance, but will find the class a bit different to what he has already beaten. Nevertheless, he may be a much better animal than we are aware of. Fort will last out alright, and may possibly equal the feat of Wargrave, who represented the same interest when he won the race in 1902.

Mention of Mynora.

I am not particularly struck with any of those weighted between seven and eight stone, but amongst those lower down I like the chance of Mynora with only 3lbs. more than she won the Northumberland Plate with. What a triumph it would be for old John Osborne if his filly equalled Pillo's feat last year, and took this race in addition to the "Pitmen's Derby." I certainly think she has a chance, and in endeavouring to spot the winner shall couple

LORD DERBY'S SELECTED AND MYNORA.

Next week sees the opening of the Nursery season, and I have an idea that I shall be able to put readers of these notes on a winner or two. The two-year-old form has not been particularly bright this season, but we shall probably see some startling improvements during the next month or so.

Selections for the Week.

YORK—(Tuesday).

Badminton Plate: THE PICT.
Nunthorpe Selling Plate: BATTLE-AXE
Bradgate Selling Plate: WILLYBROOK.
Lonsdale Welter Handicap: DESMINE.
Wykeham Three-year-old Handicap: OUTRAM.

YORK—Wednesday.

Ebor Handicap: LORD DERBY'S SELECTED OR MYNORA.
Londesborough Welter Handicap.—SLASH LANE.
Clifton Plate: SAUCY JOHN.

YORK—Thursday.

Harewood Handicap: MAHSUD.

GATWICK—Friday.

Newdigate Welter: FREEBOOTER.
August Handicap: ST. GIRONS.
Tilgate Welter: SCION.

GATWICK—Saturday.

County Handicap: LONG SET.
Sutton Handicap: UNCLE PAT.
Moderate Plate: FLANDERS.
Lowfield Maiden T.Y.O. Plate: PICCOLINO.

DRIVING THE POINT HOME.

The small boy had on a recent birthday been the happy recipient of a cheap air gun, and, wearing an improvised helmet, he sauntered into the back yard in quest of big game.

He was soon rewarded by the sight of a fine "tiger" (in the shape of the next door cat) enjoying a siesta on the side fence.

Click! The dart struck the "tiger," and stuck. Puss hurried homewards, and with her went the small boy's ammunition.

The next minute the juvenile sportsman was ringing the next door bell.

"Please, ma'am, your cat's been thieving," he piped.

"I thought there was something wrong when I saw her making a dart just now," said the lady of the house.

"P'r'aps," said the small boy, "p'r'aps, ma'am you wouldn't mind handing me back the one she used as a pattern. It's mine."

THE WAY TO DO IT.

A high-spirited girl recently played a cruel joke on her mother, and this is how it happened. She actually found a love letter that her father had written to her mother in the halcyon days of their courtship.

She read the letter to her mother, substituting her own name and that of her lover. The mother raved in anger and stamped her foot in disgust, forbidding her daughter to have anything to do with a man who would write such nonsensical stuff to a girl.

The girl then gave the letter to her mother to read, and the house became so suddenly quiet that she could hear the cat winking in the back yard.

MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription, nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League Badge gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League badge is obtainable in the following forms, and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

TO WHISKER OR—

A determined attempt is being made by Mr. Max Beerbohm and other leaders, real or alleged, of masculine fashion to reintroduce whiskers.

Not the "Piccadilly weepers" of the sixties, or the mutton chop variety, but the short side face-fins worn by the late George Fordham—incomparable horseman—and still affected by such grooms as motor cars have not sent to the workhouse or turned into clean-shaven chauffeurs.

Will the new fashion catch on? Probably it will. I think most of us, and women especially, are a little tired of the clean shaving that renders us indistinguishable from the mummer and the "shuvver."

There is reason why moustaches should not come into favour again for some considerable time. The upper lip that has been shaved for many years is apt, when allowed to sprout, to produce a moustache of the tooth-brush order.

This objection does not apply so strongly to whiskers, though it is true that the face moss of the habitual shaver is apt, more especially with a middle-aged man, to be gray or even white, while the hair of his head retains or partially retains its original hue.

DOOM OF DOUBLE COLLAR.

However, the aspect of the whisker question that most interests me is the probable effect of side whiskers on the collar.

I think that if face frills become popular the double collar will be doomed.

A side whiskered man in a double collar is a blot on the landscape.

The most suitable collar for wear with face springs is one of the Gladstonian type, stand-up but opening at and leaving the throat bare.

With this will be worn a high stock like that sported by Miss Marie Löhr's bridegroom on his wedding day. I shall return to this subject, but meanwhile I am glad, and I am sure my readers will be too, to learn that Mr. Frank Richardson, the world-famous whiskerophobe, and composer of that touching song, "Whisker, and I Shall Hear," is doing as well as could be expected.

WEDDING GARMENTS AGAIN

P.W.W. (Ballinasloe) is to be married in December and wants to know the correct dress for the occasion. I dealt with this fully some time ago, but as my correspondent apparently missed my remarks I will briefly repeat their salient points.

Coat: Either frock or morning. I prefer the former, and Lord Anglesey wore one at his wedding the other day.

Waistcoat: White or practically any light colour, or may be same colour as coat if worn with white vest slip.

Trousers: Light unless made of same material as coat, as is the present fashion.

Boots: Patent leather, or if white, grey, or drab spats are worn, varnished Oxford shoes.

Linen: White.

Hat: Silk.

P.W.W. asks whether he should wear his gloves, which, by the way, should be cream, lavender or light grey suède, during the ceremony? No. He may arrive at the church wearing them, but should remove them before the service begins, placing them inside his hat, which he hands to his best man when he advances to the chancel steps.

Will *Modern Man* readers who are in any danger of being married kindly cut out and frame these "instructions," as I cannot be continually repeating them?

WINTER OVERCOATS.

R.G. (Hampstead) asks (1) what style of overcoat will be worn this winter. Will it be the one of the last two winters, i.e., the "Military Coat" with the band at the back and bands on cuff?

(2) Will spats be in fashion this winter; if so, what style and colour would go best with an overcoat and white wrap?

The "ulster" will be little in evidence this winter. It will still be worn by men who live in the country travelling up to business every day, but for smart town wear we shall see a return to velvet collared Chesterfields, Meltons, etc.

It is little early as yet to say, but my information is that spats will not be much worn this winter.

In any case spats should not be worn with an ulster. If worn with a smart overcoat dark grey or brown would be the best shades for winter.

GIVE OVER!

The following are some extracts from the "Agony" column of the *Giornale d'Italia*. It is a common custom in Italy for such announcements to be written in so-called English, with the following curious results:—

SWEET, I thank you for your obliging letter. . . . with the greatest displeasure I knew your useless coming my home. When will you return and delightfully charm me? . . . Bifore 7 want your delicious, beautiful company, that will fill me with joy. . . . Come here, my sweet!!

SWEET. When your returning? . . . I want you, delightsome lover!! Before my departure (20) I should wish you to kiss me. . . .

Truly sad cases. Wonder if the writers are in a home!

3/6 buys a NEW LIFE for that OLD SUIT or OVERCOAT.

Pack up that wrinkled suit or overcoat, and send it to us with a Postal Order for 3/6. In a few days it will be returned to you CLEANED, REPAIRED and TAILOR-PRESSED—looking almost new. Our new Tailor Process brings the clothes back to their original shape, it removes the signs of wear and cleans the material. It is superior to dry-cleaning process. Carriage paid one way. Repairs and Alterations of every description.

The National Tailoring and Repairing Co.,
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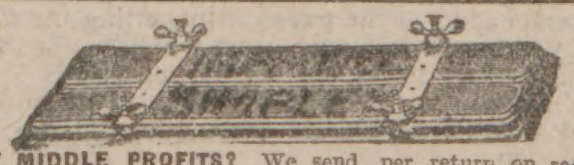

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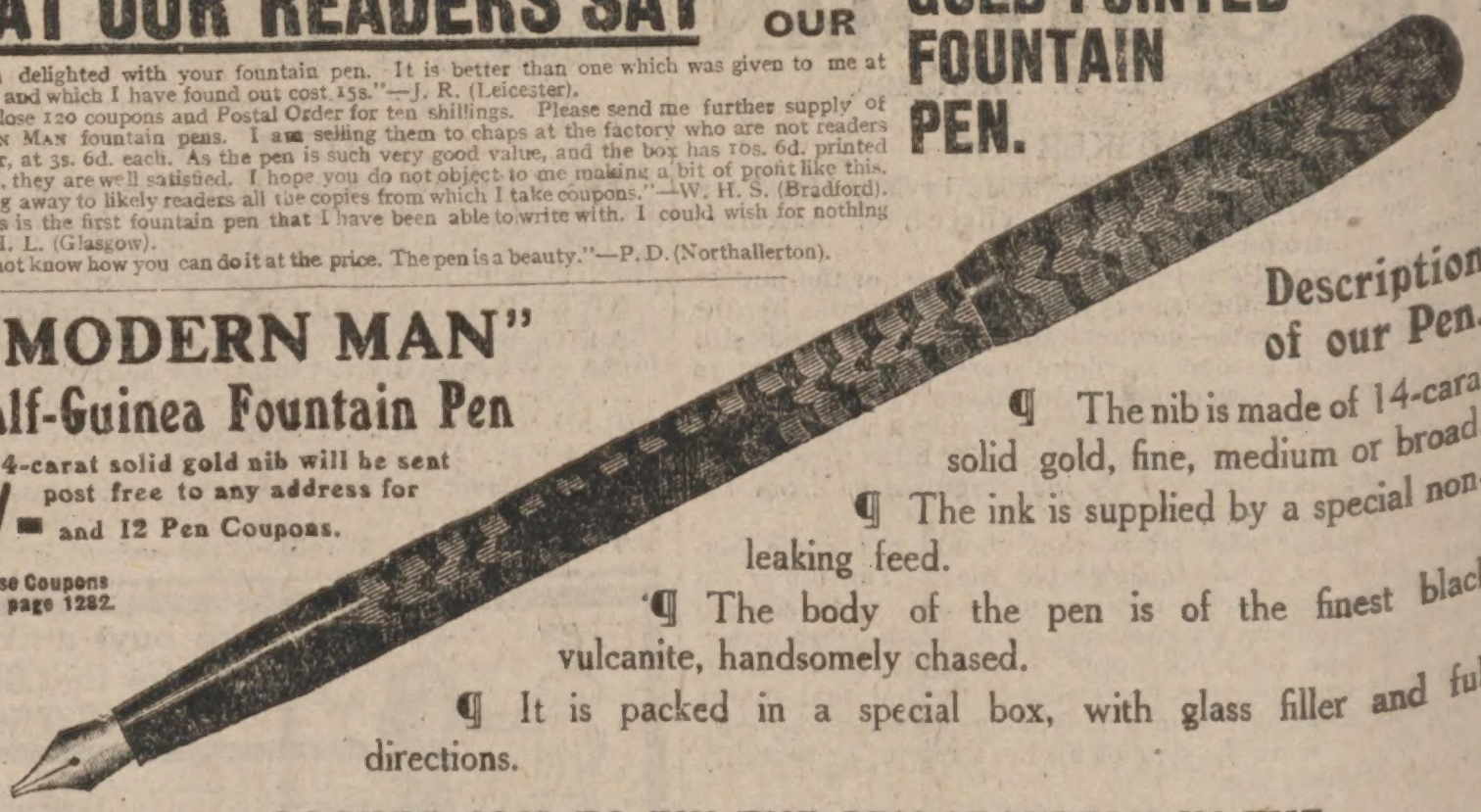

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